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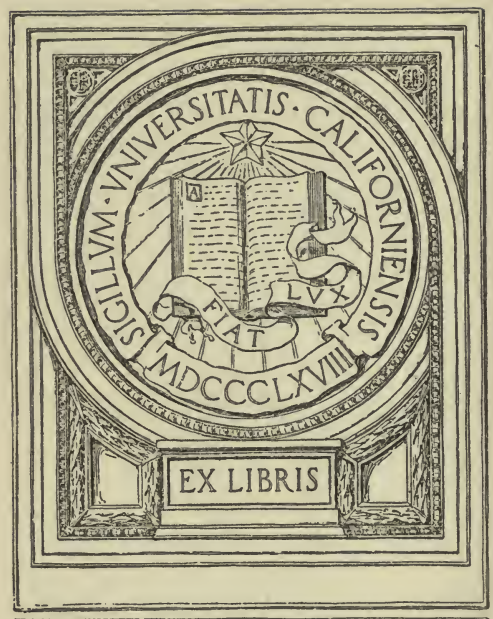
MY DIOCESE DURING THE WAR

BY THE
BISHOP OF NATAL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MY DIOCESE DURING THE WAR

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

A. H Natal.

Frontispiece.

MY DIOCESE DURING THE WAR

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY

OF THE

RIGHT REV.

ARTHUR HAMILTON BAYNES, D.D.

BISHOP OF NATAL

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLINTON T. DENT, F.R.C.S., AND OTHERS

LONDON

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A. I. T.

NOTE

In preparing these extracts from my brother's Diary for publication, I have found the work of selection a rather difficult task.

The interest throughout depends so largely on the many personal references, that I have been anxious not to cut too much; on the other hand, some unimportant details may have been retained: for any such faults of omission or commission I take all responsibility.

The Diary does not pretend to any literary merit; it is simply a hastily written record, for home reading, of days of intense interest and of stirring events.

I have added, as a concluding chapter, two letters which were written for the "Natal Diocesan Magazine."

I am glad to have this opportunity of publicly expressing my thanks to Mr. Clinton Dent for the kind help he has given me in the revising of the proofs, and also for allowing a few of his photographs to be reproduced.

Helen E. Baynes.

Mount View,
Hampstead,
May, 1900.

516855

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

A PREFACE usually comments on the text and gives reasons for its publication. The former I cannot do, as I do not know what this book contains, nor shall I have any opportunity of seeing the proofs. As to the latter, I can give no better apology than that in the hard times through which my poor diocese has passed the Publishers' offer was not one to be declined.

Since I left England, in October, 1893, it has been my daily habit to scribble an unpremeditated record of events, and to post this weekly batch of diary to my home circle in place of letter. This diary is written in odd moments, in the early morning or late at night after a tiring day; and I take no special pains as to its form, but write down a bare record of facts. Comments, reflections, emotions of a higher or deeper kind, if committed to writing at all, are reserved for the more personal medium of letters.

Rough in form, however, as my diary is, and bare and unedifying in matter, the Publishers

have thought that it may contain enough of general interest during these last interesting months to be worth printing, and in response to their request my sister has undertaken the selection of extracts.

The roughest sketch which gives the local colouring sometimes conveys a truer impression than the most accurate photograph, and possibly this diary, written on the spot, may have this small merit. My own experience has been that there are some things one only gets a proper view of on the spot. For instance, before I came to South Africa I had a settled impression that Cape Town was at the extreme southern point of the Continent, and that Table Mountain looked out over it straight towards the South Pole. It was only when I got there that I found Table Mountain facing almost due north, staring at me as I approached from England. It is just possible that my diary may serve to correct a few such *à priori* and erroneous impressions.

But there is one respect in which even we who lived on the spot were quite at fault. Some of us, indeed, were at fault on two points. We never believed, till just before the event, that there would be war, and we never dreamed that if there were it would be anything very big.

As I look back to a year ago, I seem to see quite a different South Africa from that which I see now. There was Johannesburg with its anomalies, it is true. No one had any doubt that the existing condition of things could not go on permanently. The grievances of the Uitlanders were undoubted. And it was an impossible position that the paramount power in South Africa should always suffer its subjects to be treated like naughty children, surrounded with prohibitions and restrictions, and allowed none of the rights of citizenship. But, on the other hand, these grievances did not seem so very pressing. It was doubtful how far they really weighed on the majority of the Englishmen of the Rand, and especially on the working class, how far they were reaching the point of becoming intolerable. And, again, the deplorable blunder of the Jameson Raid was felt to have tied our hands—no one could say exactly for how long. And, thirdly, we (I speak, of course, for myself) did not really believe that, when the time came for firm pressure to be applied, Pretoria would hold out at the risk of war.

It was the Bloemfontein Conference that first began to open our eyes. Then it did begin to look as if the Transvaal had a stiffer backbone than we had supposed. Still, it might be bluff,

and not really backbone at all. But a visit to Government House, Cape Town, at the end of last July, completed the awakening in my own case. Then I began to perceive that signs of any inclination seriously to meet the grievances were altogether wanting; and that in this, and many other directions, there were unmistakable signs coming into view of a spirit very far removed from conciliation or yielding on the part of the South African Republic. It seemed plain that it was no longer a question of a five years' or a seven years' franchise. It was a question which was to be the power that was to dictate to South Africa. And if that was the question at issue, there was little chance for conferences to settle it.

Still, even so we were at fault. I, at least, smiled when I was told that this was going to be the biggest affair since the Crimea. I confess to such ignorance that I could not understand why we did not at once occupy Laing's Nek, never doubting that we could hold it and so prevent the Boers from barring our advance at such a formidable barricade. If anyone had told me then that, so far from being able to hold Laing's Nek, we should not be able to hold Dundee and the Biggarsberg, nor indeed to maintain our communications between Maritz-

burg and Ladysmith, I think I should have laughed outright.

This is a startling confession to make. But others, with far better opportunities of knowing, appear to have shared the ignorance. On June 12th, 1899, Mr. Schreiner, the Premier of the Cape, wrote to the Mayor of Kimberley: "I wish to assure you without delay that no reason whatever exists for apprehending that Kimberley, or any part of this Colony, either is, or in any contemplated event will be, in any danger of attack. I am officially informed that representatives of the South African League have professed to the Civil Commissioner of Kimberley fear of invasion from the Orange Free State or South African Republics. Such fears are absolutely groundless." Mr. Rhodes said to me himself: "You see if I am not right; there will not be a shot fired." And the late Mr. Escombe, ex-Premier of Natal, whose sincerity no one would question, said the same.

And as to the dimensions of the war, people in high position said that from 40,000 to 50,000 men would be sufficient for the job. And many military men to whom I spoke seemed to think that it was worth while to allow the Boers to occupy Laing's Nek, in order to get them to make a stand where we could attack them to-

gether, as it seemed unlikely otherwise that we should ever have anything but a desultory guerilla warfare. The fear was that, so far from invading, they would not even stand to receive a serious attack or fight a pitched battle. If those prophets could only have looked across the little gap of weeks that hid the coming events at Colenso and Stormberg and Magersfontein!

And if there was little expectation of war, or of a war of huge proportions, there was equally little desire for it even among many of those whose business is fighting. I remember well walking down from Mess at Fort Napier one night in last June, or thereabouts, with poor General Symons, and his saying to me: "It would be indeed a grievous thing; we none of us want to be sent to kill the ignorant Boer farmers."

However, there were a few who better gauged the chances of the future. Some older colonists, and among them my own brothers-in-law, not only said that there would be war, but warned us that Maritzburg itself would be by no means safe, that the Boers would overrun Natal, and that they would be far too mobile to be deterred by fears of having their communications cut off. At that time these pessimistic forecasts seemed

to us as idle tales, but they were much nearer the truth than our easy-going optimism.

So the months of uncertainty flowed silently by till in a moment the awakening came. The startling Ultimatum rudely banished the idea that the Boers would not fight, and the big gun on Imparti, and the consequent retreat of General Yule, woke us from the dream that if there were war it would be a short and easy one.

I may perhaps be allowed to add to the mere record of outward events some words on their inner significance which I have already addressed to my own diocese.[1]

[1] "Natal Diocesan Magazine," March, 1900.

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MY DIOCESE
DURING THE WAR

CHAPTER I

ON THE BRINK

Ethics of the Question—Visit to Dundee and return to Colenso with Sir W. Penn Symons—The Ultimatum—Early Successes of the Boers.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, MARITZBURG,
Friday, Sep. 29, 1899.

NONE of us here can think or write of anything but one subject—the prospect of war—and that will have been settled one way or the other before you get this. Nearly all our friends in the regiments here have already left to be nearer the border. It has been a very touching sight last week and this to see the departure of the men amidst immense enthusiasm on the part of the crowds, but very different feelings on the part of wives and children, who cannot tell when or whether they will see them again.

On Monday last I went to the station to see

the 60th Rifles and part of the 5th Lancers entrained. The men were carried in open trucks, which had been fitted up with benches and a sort of scaffolding round the sides, with a beam for a back to the seats—not a very comfortable method of spending the night in the train, but fortunately the weather was fine. These troops were going to take the place at Ladysmith of those who, the night before, had been quietly and swiftly moved from Ladysmith to Glencoe. The order for this move was only given at 8 on Sunday night, and the troops were in the train by 2 a.m., and in their new camp by 6 on Monday morning. These consist of battalions of the Leicestershire Regiment, the Dublin Fusiliers, and the 18th Hussars, besides one or two batteries of artillery, and some engineers. I am hoping to go up on Saturday night with the General to pay them a visit and hold a church parade on Sunday, if things are then still as they are now; but we cannot tell, from day to day, what may happen. We have all sorts of rumours as to Boer raids into Natal, as to native risings, etc., but the recollection of many colonists of similar rumours and alarms at the time of the former wars here serves to reassure us a little.

As to the ethics of the question, which after

all is the matter that supremely concerns us, my own tendency has always been to distrust anything like Jingoism, and I felt and spoke strongly at the time of the Jameson Raid, both as to the method and the motive. I could not feel sure that that was a genuine uprising of the people, or, at all events, that it was not being exploited for the purposes of capitalists. But I am thankful to feel free from such suspicions this time. My recent visit to Cape Town, and my immense confidence in Sir Alfred Milner, from long acquaintance, have satisfied me that the case for firm and effective interference is now overwhelmingly strong. We cannot be the paramount power, and decline the responsibilities of the position. The time has really come now for us to decide between two possible lines of policy : either to leave South Africa to settle its own affairs, and allow it to become, as it then probably would, an Africander Federation, or else to accept the responsibility of our present position, and say plainly that that position is inconsistent with the existence of oppression practised on Englishmen. There is no third course open to us.

The expedient which the second line of policy seems likely to entail is indeed a terrible one. No one can face war without a sense of

its awfulness; no one but must feel that it is the clumsiest and most barbarous method of arbitration. But if through weakness and shrinking from the horrors of war we allowed things to slip into a state of anarchy, having let the possible moment for effective interference pass away, the sufferings, the bitterness, the protracted conflicts which might be the consequence would in all probability be far worse than such a war as now seems to be at hand. Indeed, we cling to the hope that the home Government has profited by the experience of the past enough to be preparing to carry out this campaign on a scale which shall insure, so far as human preparations can do so, that it shall be short and conclusive. God give us all grace to keep our heads, to sternly repress the unworthy feelings of race hatred, of vain longing for revenge or retaliation, and so overrule even the evils of war for our good that it may in the end lead to a truer brotherhood and a firm and righteous rule, and to the extension of His Kingdom among both white and black South Africans.

On this very day I travelled up through the night to Glencoe and Dundee. Our much-loved and lamented General, Sir William Penn Symons, had very kindly suggested that we

should travel up and down together; but as he could not start till Saturday night, I preferred to go on a day sooner so as to get a little longer with the troops and not have to preach immediately after a night journey in the train, so I went on on the Friday and he followed on the Saturday. It was a very little force which we then had at Glencoe—only two infantry battalions—the Dublin Fusiliers and the Leicestershire—and one cavalry regiment, the 18th Hussars, and a single battery of artillery. As the Boers had a dashing commander, one could not but feel that then was their chance. They were said to be in considerable numbers just across the Buffalo, not more than sixteen miles away. Indeed, a farmer rode in through the night to say that we were certainly going to be attacked next morning. However, war had not then been declared, and the idea of their attacking us was not seriously entertained. On the Saturday I was able to see something of some of the men in camp as well as of some of the Dundee people. And on the Sunday morning we had a church parade. The weather was threatening; but it did not get beyond a slight mist. I felt at the time that I was speaking to some who would be very soon facing for themselves the mysteries of death,

and that which lies beyond it. And it proved to be so. The text was "Stand fast in the Lord, My dearly beloved."

In the afternoon I returned to the camp, and with the General made a tour of the different regiments. He had an eye for everything, and above all was continually considering all possible ways of promoting the comfort of the men and saving them from any unnecessary labour. He would not have them stand to attention as he moved about the camp. He evidently foresaw what was the work they would soon have to do, for he said to Major Bird, who was commanding the Dublin Fusiliers, "I want you to practise your men in trying to get to the top of that hill (pointing to the slopes of Imparti) without exposing themselves, taking advantage of every bit of cover, so that if possible they shall get to the top without being seen from it." In the evening I preached in the church to a full congregation, consisting largely of men, for already a certain number of the ladies had left.

Next morning the General and I left again for Maritzburg. I looked out on all the surrounding hills with a special interest, wondering which would become famous as a battlefield. I asked him if our position would not become untenable if there were an enemy with guns on the

Imparti Mountain. He said we might surround the whole hill and take their guns, and so perhaps we might have done if we had had the necessary number of troops. As it was, the victory of Talana was only gained because of the fortunate coincidence that the top of Imparti was veiled in mist all that day. I am told that General Symons was very eager to get the fight of Talana over, lest that most fortunate mist should lift and so unveil the enemy's big guns which they were known to have mounted there. On that Monday morning, as the train steamed away from the siding near the camp, Colonel Möller, who was then in command of the little force, waved an adieu to General Symons, "Come back soon and come to stay," words which were pathetically prophetic.

The journey down had a special interest. First we joined at Glencoe one of the crowded refugee trains from Johannesburg. The poor people had been nearly three days on the journey, though, as it turned out two days later, they were fortunate to get carriages at all, and not dirty coal trucks as others had. Then, too, we were joined by Major Henderson of the Intelligence Department, and he had interesting news to tell us of the movements of the enemy, of which he knew much from his own observa-

tions in a ride all down the border. And then again the Volunteers had just been called out, and all the way down we passed them as they were taking up their quarters in the various positions to which they were assigned. We looked at many points that have since become famous. We watched the crowded platform at Ladysmith, where Volunteers of various regiments were getting their things into order, and we saw their camp quite near. We hardly realized then that in a few weeks that very platform was to be shattered by shells and to be inaccessible to any of us in Maritzburg.

At Colenso we watched the first beginnings of the erection of what has since been called Fort Wylie, just above the Tugela railway bridge, on the north side of it. We little thought then that this was being erected as a stronghold for the Boers which an English army of 15,000 men would be unable to take. We saw the Naval Volunteers dragging their guns into position. I think we regarded all this as a rather amusing and harmless diversion, calculated to reassure people's minds while keeping the Volunteers usefully employed until they were wanted for real work at the front. I do not think that anyone in Natal then realized that this, and not Glencoe or Laing's Nek was to

be the "front." That day in the train is one that will long live in my memory. The General and I had the carriage to ourselves (Major Henderson having left us at Ladysmith), and all the way down we had long and interesting discussions on the position, both political and military. The Indian contingent was just about to arrive, and I, at least, with all an Englishman's complacent optimism, felt that when once it had arrived our position was assured, even if it were not so already. I did not, indeed, suppose that we could take the offensive till the Army Corps from England arrived, but I took it for granted that the papers were right in assuming that the Indian reinforcements were ample to check any hostile movement into Natal on the part of the Boers. It is rather sad, but at the same time instructive reading, now to look back to the papers of that time. They all assured us that the force we had would be ample to prevent any little raiding that the Boers might attempt.

From this point the interest in the situation quickened rapidly. A few days later we had the arrival of Generals Sir George White and Sir Archibald Hunter and General Yule and General Wolfe Murray. It was a very interesting evening I spent at Government House on

the day of their arrival, sitting next to General Hunter, and having long and interesting talks with him about both the Sudan and Natal. On October 9th came the astounding "Ultimatum," and the very next day the starting of this illustrious group of officers for the front. As I said "Good-bye" to General White on the station platform, I knew from both his manner and his words, more than I had realized before, how grave was the task which lay before him, though even then I think we should have smiled incredulously at any prophet who had told us that for three months at least we should have no chance of seeing any of these again.

Then followed days of anxious waiting as we felt the opposing forces gradually creeping near to each other, and watched for the first flash of the first cannon. There were rumours of the Free State Boers threatening Ladysmith from the west, and moves and counter-moves of the Ladysmith force and its outposts to get at them. Then came the brush with the Carbineers, in which Lieut. Gallwey, the son of our Chief Justice, was taken prisoner. And then in quick succession the exciting telegrams about Talana, Elandslaagte, and Rietfontein, and we hoped that another fight or two would break the back of the Boer attack. Even then we had little

idea of what lay before us. The first awakening to the actual position was probably the retirement from Dundee. It was a magnificently executed manœuvre, thanks, I fancy, chiefly to Colonel Dartnell, of the Natal Mounted Police, but it showed us what the enemy we were facing was like, that we had thus to retire and concentrate. Then came the doubtful day of Lombard's Kop and the news of the surrender of the two half battalions of the Gloucesters and the Irish Fusiliers, and about the same time the official confirmation of what we had practically known for certain some time before —the loss of the squadron of the 18th Hussars and the mounted infantry under Colonel Möller after the battle of Talana Hill.

From this point things got steadily worse, though with occasional gleams of sunshine. There was the investment of Ladysmith, the retirement from Colenso, the raiding in the neighbourhood of Estcourt, the gradual influx of the Boers on each side till Estcourt, too, was cut off, the attack (a faint one, it is true) on Mooi River, and the possibility, coming more and more within the horizon of practical politics, of the invasion of Maritzburg. And then, too, there was the disaster of the armoured train. Its redeeming feature was the heroic bravery of

Mr. Winston Churchill, which impressed every single man who was present; but it rubbed in the obvious fact that the blunders were always on our side, and never on that of the Boers. The chief gleam of sunshine during this rather gloomy time was the night attack on Willow Grange by General Hildyard. Though much complicated by the terrible hailstorm of that night and other difficulties, it had evidently a very considerable moral effect on the Boers, and from that moment the ebb of their flowing tide began. Very soon they were back again beyond the Tugela, and the line was free for us to repair and use right up to Frere.

CHAPTER II

FIRST DAYS OF WAR

Boers cross the Border—Feverish Excitement in Maritzburg—Arrangements for the Sick and Wounded—Fighting begun.

Saturday, Oct. 14, 1899.—We still wait for startling developments. Yesterday there was a telegram to say that large numbers of Free State Boers had crossed the border from Harrismith by Tintara's Pass, and were advancing towards Ladysmith or Colenso. Our troops went out from Ladysmith to try and get at them, but they seem to have thought better of it and slipped away back again to the Berg. I am afraid this is what will happen: they will not face a general engagement, but will try and raid and cut off transports and cut the railway line, of course, if they can, though I hope they will not be able to get at it. Our troops will try their best to be there first if they are heard of as approaching the line. In one way perhaps it is the best thing that can happen, for if

they play that game for another month, we shall have troops enough to begin the advance into their country. To-day there is sad news of the loss of an armoured train between Vryburg and Mafeking.

I met Mr. Edwards (Vicar of Newcastle) this morning. He has been obliged after all to leave Newcastle, though he waited till the very last. It has been entirely deserted, Mr. Jackson, the magistrate, alone remaining, though Mr. Edwards thinks he may have since left on horseback. Our General felt that we should be running a too serious risk in trying to hold Newcastle. We have not forces enough to divide up between so many places. It is a particularly unfortunate border-line for us, as Natal runs up between the Transvaal and Free State in a very narrow point: we have the border close to us everywhere, and may be attacked all down the line. So we have had to tell the Newcastle people that we cannot defend them, and the result is that all of them have thought it safer to clear. They have left their houses just as they are, so either Boers or Kaffirs are having a good time.

I met Mr. Crawford, at whose house I have often stayed. He has left all his goods, and it is a very well-furnished, comfortable house.

Mr. Edwards must have been a sight to see when he left. All his boys (natives) had already cleared for fear of the Boers, so he had to wheel his goods to the station himself on a wheelbarrow. On the way he found two old coloured women toiling under the burden of two big bundles which they could hardly carry, so he took their bundles on board too. A funny sight, but a pleasant one as far as that last episode goes, in this country, where as a rule the coloured people receive so little consideration. If all the stories I hear are true, or even half of them, about the Boers' treatment of the natives, they deserve to lose their power. Mr. Edwards was telling me some bad stories. Living so near the border in the midst of the Dutch, he hears a good many such.

Sunday, Oct. 15.—As no one had asked me to preach to-day, I thought I might have a day off, especially as I know there are plenty of clergy about from the Transvaal and Newcastle. However, when I went to the early service at the Garrison Church, Twemlow asked me if I would preach to the men at 11, as he was asked to preach to the Imperial Light Horse at a special parade at St. Saviour's at 9.30. I felt rather guilty in doing nothing, so I said "Yes," though it was rather short notice. The Rifles

were there—the 2nd Battalion, which has just come out. I preached to them from the words in the second lesson, "With singleness of heart, fearing the Lord." Things are very quiet to-day. I suppose the Boers would not choose Sunday for operations unless they were obliged. After luncheon I went in for a little chat with the Governor.

We live in a state of feverish excitement, waiting for each scrap of news and surrounded by startling rumours which turn out as a rule to be pure inventions. We rush for the morning paper and hail everyone we meet for news. There are rumours to-day of various kinds, but all untrue as it turns out. We cannot tell, and probably shall not know for some days, what is happening on the western border, about Mafeking and Kimberley. There are rumours of fighting, and we know that they are more or less isolated.

It seems as if the next five weeks would be a very serious risk. If we can hold out, it will take us all our time; and the Boers know that it is their only chance, so they will strain every nerve to overcome us before the Army Corps arrives.

In the afternoon I went to a meeting of the committee about the sick and wounded. We

had a telegram from Dundee to say that the military authorities had given orders for all the women and children to leave to-day in consequence of the probability of attack. There may be as many as six hundred coming down, and probably many of them having nowhere to go to. The Mayor and Dr. Scott went straight off to the shops to see how many mattresses Maritzburg could produce. I heard afterwards that they got about fifty, but a great many more blankets and sheets. It is likely to be a very hot night, and if there is a crush I daresay they can manage one night sleeping in blankets.

In the evening I went to the station to see the first of the trains come in from Dundee, thinking that, if there was any lady I knew who was in difficulty about a house, we might offer a bed for the night. I went to the station at 7.15 and was there till 9.30 before the train came in! I should not have stayed all that time, but there was a good deal going on. Some squadrons of the Imperial Light Horse had just gone off amid great cheering. The half battalion of the 60th Rifles were to start. And all the men were sitting on the ground outside the station and the officers pacing about the platform. It was a lovely hot moonlight night—so bright

that one could distinctly see the red houses, red a thing which I have always thought impossible in England. It always seemed to me that one did not see colour by moonlight, but only light and shade. But there was no doubt about it last night. I got one of the subalterns to introduce me to Major Gore-Browne, one of the senior officers of the regiment. I found he was a nephew of the late Bishop of Winchester, Harold Browne. I noticed him at the celebration yesterday morning. Then also there was a train full of mules and Indian followers just disembarked and on the way to the front. So the station was a lively place. When at last the train came in, I found one or two whom I knew, but none who needed hospitality.

Tuesday, Oct. 17.—Still the same intense excitement and nothing to appease it. There is still no fighting. We thought that the removal of the women from Dundee meant that the Boers were very near and that an engagement was imminent. I heard from the General (Sir George White) this morning in answer to a letter from me about a chaplain for the camp at Dundee. As the military chaplains still do not arrive, I feel I ought to send a chaplain to be with the men, not merely to preach on Sunday, which Mr. Bailey can still do. He replies that

they will appreciate a visit from me. But that is not quite what I mean. I want some one to live in camp with them. The Romans have got a priest with the Dublin Fusiliers, and much more ought we to have one with our men, who are a far larger number. So I have written to General Penn Symons, who is commanding at Dundee, to say that either I or Twemlow will be glad to come if we can have accommodation in camp. This only means a third of a small bell-tent. That is all the officers have.

In the afternoon our committee for the sick and wounded met again at 3. It meets every day. There was not much to do; but we sent off to the camp a few things which the medical officer had mentioned as needed.

Wednesday, Oct. 18.—The tension remains—still there is no decisive action. But this morning we had a new excitement. We were told that Boers had been seen not very far from Maritzburg, and that the authorities at least thought sufficiently gravely of it to send down a regiment from Ladysmith, and we heard that the 60th Rifles had actually arrived. This was startling. However, in conversation with Mr. Shepstone I found that it is quite possible that the Boers in question are a party of our own Natal (Umvoti County) Boers, and that

their gathering had something to do with a new church. Still, even so, it may possibly have some connection with the movements of the enemy. Without committing themselves to any hostile action, this might have been a pre-arranged thing on purpose to accomplish that which it has accomplished, viz., the drawing away of a part of the Ladysmith force, and so preparing the way for an attack on the force there. Anyhow, we have gone on quite comfortably as usual here, and have seen and heard nothing of any enemy.

In the afternoon I again attended the committee for the sick and wounded.

Thursday, Oct. 19.—The war news gets more and more exciting and ominous. The Carbineers seem to have been more or less seriously engaged with the enemy at Bester's yesterday. This is to the west of Ladysmith, between it and the Berg. They say that Taunton (who is the agent for this house and for the Union Co.) was off his horse with young Rodwell, when big volleys were suddenly fired on them. They mounted and galloped and got away, but young Gallwey, the lawyer, son of the Chief Justice, is missing. His horse turned up, but not himself.

They tell me that there is a flying column of

about half the troops at Ladysmith under orders to come down here by road, with a view to protecting Maritzburg. But why it comes by road instead of train I cannot understand.

I also heard later on that there is a Boer commando marching for Maritzburg by the middle drift over the Tugela, that is, Greytown way. So I am beginning to think we may see more of the fighting here than at the front—so called.

What with Natal Dutchmen possibly joining the enemy, or even if they do not do so openly, helping them by cutting the railway or the telegraph, we don't know where we are. Later on news came to me privately that the enemy have got hold of one of our trains at Elandslaagte. That is the station north of Ladysmith, and between it and Glencoe. They say they have attacked the train and taken it, and in it one of the officers of the Hussars. The worst of this seems to me, too, to be that they may intrench themselves in a strong position on the line, and so stop our communications and compel us to come out and attack them ; and then with inferior numbers and in a place of their choosing, where they had the advantage of the ground, we might have a very tough job, like the taking of Laing's Nek in the last war.

However, we can but wait. Then the next piece of news which came was that Gallwey's body had been found with seven bullets in it. This I am specially sceptical about, as he was said to have been attacked at an outlying place, where it is very unlikely we could go to get his body. Indeed, a report was published that an attempt had been made, but the Boers fired on the Red Cross.

We are all in such a state of excitement that we cannot sit still long, and all day long everyone repeats the same question to everybody else—"Any news?"

Friday, Oct. 20.—A pouring wet day—the poor chaps on the veldt must have a bad time. I don't know which are most likely to suffer from it, their men or ours. As they are advancing they cannot have their tents with them, and so far our men are better off. The first news after breakfast (there was little fresh in the paper) was that a battle had begun at Dundee, and is now proceeding. If it is true I think it is good news, as what we wanted was that they should attack us rather than go on cutting our communications and running away again and such like. By a curious coincidence Miss W. had shopping to do directly after breakfast, and came in with a special edition

of the paper with this news. Then I found that I too had business down the town, though I ought to be preparing sermons (not an easy thing to do in these times). When I went down there was a later telegram to say that after fifteen minutes our artillery had silenced theirs, and that the infantry under cover of the guns were advancing.

But I believe nothing until it is officially confirmed. So I have to try and possess my soul in patience for a few more hours. . . . No details yet, but we seem to have had a great victory—taken their guns and killed many. But my dear General (Sir W. Penn Symons) is wounded, some say slightly, but some mortally —God forbid. This victory relieves our tension here, as I don't think Maritzburg will be in danger of attack now.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST FIGHTS

Dundee—Elandslaagte—Anxiety for the Force at Dundee —Boer Prisoners—Accounts of the Wounded—Safety of the Dundee Column.

Maritzburg, Saturday, Oct. 21.—Though yesterday's victory (Dundee or Talana) has a little relieved the tension of anxiety, so far at least as our actual safety is concerned, the excitement is still intense and it is very difficult to settle to anything in the way of sermonizing or quiet reading, except of the newspapers. And all to-day we are hearing at how dear a price the victory has been bought. Poor General Symons! We were told at first that the wound was in the thigh and was slight, but we hear now that it is in the stomach and that it is feared that it is fatal. Still he lives, and they say is brighter this morning. But we hardly dare to hope. Then there has been a very large percentage of officers killed. The Boers seem to aim at them. It is true there is not

much to distinguish them in khaki; but I suppose the fact that they carry swords and wear a cross-belt is enough. A lot of the officers of the 60th are killed. Poor Barnet, my partner at golf! When I went to see them off for the front I said, "We must play our return match when you come back,"—for he and I had won one and lost one match against the Governor and Blore. Then there are many others whom we knew. And there is one of the staff officers (Colonel Sherstone) killed. Murray, the Governor's A.D.C., who has gone up as A.D.C. to General Symons, had a very narrow escape, having his horse shot under him. The ladies here are of course in terrible anxiety. Mrs. Bird had a telegram to say that her husband, the major who commanded the Dublins, was all right, but we hear that even he has a slight wound in the foot. Then there are other causes for grave anxiety. First, the squadron of cavalry (18th Hussars) and a company of mounted infantry which went in pursuit of the Boers after the battle have not returned, and it is very much feared they have been caught in a trap. The only thing which gives us hope is that if that were the case it would be almost certain that at least one or two stragglers would have come in. It is hardly possible they could

have killed every one. Then again it is true about the train that was captured on Thursday at Elandslaagte. And the Boers hold the line between Dundee and Ladysmith. They will plainly have to be turned out of that or else supplies will be cut off for the Dundee camp. They have cut the wires also. But very fortunately there is a second wire viâ Greytown. I almost wonder that has not been cut too, for the neighbourhood of Greytown is the stronghold of the Dutch in Natal, and even if the disloyal Dutch did not do it, there are many parts of the line that must be within striking distance of the enemy. However, so far they have not, so we still have news from Dundee.

I went into the Brigade Office to ask General Wolfe Murray for news of General Symons. All he could say was that the doctors did not feel able to give any further opinion. In the evening I went into Government House, and there I saw the Governor and had a cup of coffee with him, and heard more exciting news. It seems that all to-day there has been another big fight. We have heard nothing definite yet. It has been at Elandslaagte, and the Ladysmith force under General White have been the combatants this time. H. E. tells me they have a complete victory; but we wait for all

particulars. We seem to have taken more guns and stores, and to be pursuing the enemy. This is a great blessing, as it would have been very serious if they had been able to hold their own on the line between our two forces and so cut our communications. I have no idea yet what loss this has involved, nor whether the Carbineers were engaged. But this is not all the news. There is still terrible anxiety, for another commando has appeared at Dundee, and there is to be another big fight to-morrow (Sunday).

Joubert has come down. (Why he did not attack at the same time as Lucas Meyer on Friday I cannot think.) This time the battle will be on the Imparti. I find I was mistaken in thinking that Friday's battle was on that hill. It was on a lower hill called Dundee Hill to the east of the town, between it and the Buffalo. But this time the enemy has got on to that big hill to the north, which I was referring to when I asked General Symons whether it would not be a danger to our camp. And His Excellency tells me they have brought down those two 40-pounders which we heard they had put on the Pogwani Mountain. This afternoon they have been firing on us with them. But our men have quietly withdrawn

from the camp to the other side of the railway, and have sat watching them bang away at the deserted camp. How they have done this without being seen from the hill-top I do not know. But as it has been a very wet day they may have done it under cover of the mist. Very likely at times the top of the hill has been almost hidden in mist. We have not replied as yet, as it was too late to do anything effective to-day before dark; but the Governor tells me the battle will begin at daylight. It is hard on our poor chaps after a big fight on Friday to have to tackle a new enemy that comes to the scratch fresh.

Sunday, Oct. 22.—Another very anxious and trying day. I have been to Government House three times, till I am quite afraid of exhausting the Governor's patience. So I must try to be more patient. But at such times the thirst for news is like that of a dipsomaniac. Following on the last part of yesterday's diary, the news is small and mysterious, which makes one all the more anxious. We were told by Colonel Hime (the Premier) not to believe anything we heard, as there was no through communication since 7 this morning. But that alone makes us anxious. Why is it cut off? and why these rumours that things have gone

wrong? However, after evening service, when I went for the last time to Government House, the Governor showed me a telegram from Dundee saying that the force there had moved out some miles nearer Glencoe and were intrenched on the side of the hill out of range of the Boer guns, and that they were trying to lay on a telephone in order to save the risk of journeys to and from the Dundee post-office. Now what can this mean? It may mean simply that the Boers have not begun the battle as we expected they would yesterday, and that meanwhile our men wish to be out of range of their guns. It may be that they do not like fighting on Sunday. On the other hand, why is it dangerous to send telegrams or messengers from the new camp to Dundee Post Office, unless either they (the enemy) have pickets down in the valley or they are still firing their big guns. Then another fear haunts us that the force at Dundee may be short of ammunition. Having had to fight all Friday, it is a very possible thing, and there was ammunition in that train the Boers took at Elandslaagte. It is true that has been recovered, but we have reason to believe the rails have been taken up for some distance, and it may not have been possible to get the ammunition through. And

indeed we do not know that, in spite of Elandslaagte, the Boers have been quite cleared off the country between that place and Glencoe, which is, I suppose, more than thirty miles. However, the fact that our force is intrenched in a safe place is a comfort, and we cannot but hope that before further fighting begins they will have got some reinforcements and ammunition from Ladysmith.

But now to resume the account of to-day. I went to early celebration at the Garrison Church. There were very few there, but among them there was one poor young woman who was made a widow by Friday's fight—a sergeant's wife. On my way there I got a letter from H. E. asking me to come round before church and he would confide the latest news. So after breakfast, and on my way to church, I called. He gave me further news about yesterday's fight at Elandslaagte. Poor Colonel Chisholme has been killed at the head of his new Imperial Light Horse. He was a very smart officer who had just laid down the command of the 5th Lancers. H. E. tells me there are fifty Boer prisoners on their way down here. Then I was introduced to Mr. Acland Hood, a clergyman from Kimberley, and his wife, who is a sister of the Duke of Hamilton. They

are refugees and could find no place in Durban. Then I went to church, as did they also (St. Peter's), where I preached on Belshazzar's Feast—as bearing on the situation—the danger of national pride, the need for humility and magnanimity. It was rather trying work with so many things to stir one's feelings—the thought of all those good fellows gone. After service I went again to Government House, and H. E. showed me a long telegram which had come meanwhile from Sir George White, giving a full account of yesterday's battle. The total of killed and wounded is 160, but as it was dark before the battle was over that is only a rough guess. The Boers seem to have fought most bravely; again and again coming up to the scratch. It is terrible work.

Even now we do not know whether the Boers have been shelling the town of Dundee all day to-day or not. It seems to be quite at their mercy, and I tremble for poor Bailey. A single defeat might be enough to bring the Boers down on Maritzburg. Indeed they would have been here before this but for the successes of Friday and Saturday. And I fancy both were near things—might easily have been defeats. Even now we do not know that the Boers are not going to overwhelm the Dundee

force; and if they do I expect the Ladysmith column would have to fall back on Maritzburg, and we should have the war in the midst of us here.

What would happen then is hard to say. One can hardly trust the Boers to act on the methods of civilized warfare. Their leaders might, but some of them are half civilized. And apart from that, the danger of shells, if they bombarded the town, would be very serious. I think I should have to try and get the women and children of this establishment off to the sea. In the afternoon I went with Colonel and Mrs. Johnston down to see the Legislative Building and to reckon out how many beds it would hold, and what rooms can be made into offices, dispensaries, surgeries, nurse rooms, etc. It is a splendid building and nothing could be better for the purpose. It is lofty and cool, and has abundant small rooms and lavatories for all sorts of purposes.

The news of General Symons is a shade better, and seems to point to a chance of recovery. But it must be a small one, I fear. They say that as he was being carried off the field he spoke to the men, and said they were brave fellows, and told them that General Yule would take them through. I preached at

St. Luke's at 7, a part of their dedication festival.

Monday, Oct. 23.—Still the same intense anxiety—all the more acute because we have no news whatever from the Dundee force. I fancy the reason is that they have had to fall back to a position out of range of the big guns on the Imparti, and that now there are Boer patrols actually down in the valley between them and Dundee, and so it is a difficult thing to get messages through to the Dundee post-office. They have intrenched themselves, we are told, so we hope for the best. But you can imagine the state of mind of the poor wives of the officers up there. There is a full description of the Elandslaagte fight in this morning's paper. It seems to have been a very toughly contested fight. The Gordons say that Dargai was child's play compared with it. And the list of our killed and wounded is much heavier than the first guess. There seem to be some forty killed and over 200 wounded. We have taken some of their leading men prisoners, among them Schiel, the German.

It is very hard to settle one's mind to any regular, quiet work. The whole place is seething. There is a perpetual crowd round "The Times" office, where the latest telegrams are posted

up. In the evening, when we got the third edition of "The Times" (there are editions coming out at all hours of the day now), we found one piece of news which gave us a slender amount of comfort with regard to the force at Glencoe. It said that the troops there heard of the news of Elandslaagte on Sunday morning, and they sent out a troop of cavalry to try and cut off fugitives. Now they could not have done this if they had been very hard pressed themselves. Part of this troop (some thirty men) got cut off themselves by the Boers and could not get back to the camp at Glencoe, and had to fight their way all the way from Biggarsberg to Ladysmith, some forty miles. An ambulance train, with sick and wounded, was to come down to-night.

Tuesday, *Oct.* 24.—Early this morning Miss W. called out that the Boer prisoners were arriving. The jail is at the top of the street, not a hundred and fifty yards from us, and the railway runs just beyond it. So they had stopped the train at the crossing, and were marching them straight into the prison. I had a distant view of them from our gate. I hear they were a very seedy-looking lot. One has to make allowance for their having been caught in the middle of a fight, and never having got a chance

of change of clothes, and having on top of this had a night journey. I don't suppose any of us would look very much like Bond Street after that. But, on the other hand, the commandeered riff-raff would be the ones who would be most likely to let themselves be taken, as being less risky than flight, especially with Lancers charging.

The news this morning is very little with regard to Dundee. There are no telegrams direct from there. So we still have this agony of suspense, not knowing whether they have been cut up, nor whether they are retreating, or whether they are holding on to their intrenched position till they can be reinforced. Last night the Governor issued a proclamation of martial law throughout the whole colony. Before, it had been proclaimed only for the northern parts. This may mean that they have some news of a reverse, and that they consider Maritzburg in danger, and therefore want power to call out every able-bodied man to serve. But meanwhile the paper this morning has a very graphic account of the flight of the civil population of Dundee on Sunday and Saturday night. And this is a little reassuring, for they say that General Yule sent word to the town that the force might have to fall back

on Ladysmith in consequence of Joubert's commando being in exceptional strength, and therefore the troops were retiring from their previous camp and intrenching themselves. Now this relieves us from the fear we had entertained that the retirement from the camp was a hasty flight after a defeat. It seems to show that it was a deliberate strategic movement, calmly planned and executed. So there is no special reason to be alarmed by it.

One wonders what they did with poor General Symons and the other wounded. They could not surely attempt to take them with them from one camp to another, and yet to leave them either in camp or town would be to leave them exposed to shells. The Boers seem to have been shelling the town, though what damage they have done we shall not know yet. It will be very sad if they have destroyed the new church and parsonage which we have so lately built at considerable expense. And I don't quite see where the war indemnity is to come from if we are victorious. It was only the Uitlanders who could do anything in the way of taxes. I am waiting anxiously to know whether Bailey was among those poor refugees who had to walk some thirty miles all through the night across the wet veldt, in

momentary fear of falling into the hands of the Boers.

Since writing the above I have been out and met a man from Dundee, a correspondent who has a long account of their flight in to-day's paper. I find from him that Mr. Bailey has remained at the hospital in charge of the wounded men. It is plucky of him, and I am very glad he has. They don't seem to have fired more than four or five shells at the town. And I suppose they were justified in doing this, inasmuch as the town guard were called out and were at their posts, and so far Dundee was a fortified town and had to put up with the consequences. But as soon as they knew that there were no fighting men there, I think they stopped firing. This man tells me that poor General Symons was not at the hospital but at the camp, and that he believed they moved him with the troops. And he tells me that it is believed he has already passed away. In spite of our fight of Saturday it is reported that the Boers are in stronger possession of Elandslaagte than before, many having come down with Joubert's column. So either General Yule will have to fight his way through them to Ladysmith, or General White will have to fight his way through to relieve General Yule.

I presume the former will be the plan. I trust a simultaneous movement will be made from both sides, and so the Boers may be caught between the two. I was glad to have the chance of asking him exactly where the troops are now. They seem, from his description, to be nearer Dundee than I thought. It is anxious work waiting for news. Meanwhile we are told that they are continually on the look-out around here, as if they thought that at any moment we might have a descent of Boers upon us.

About 6 General Wolfe Murray came to call. He told me there had been another engagement to-day, a smaller one than the other two, and fairly successful. It seems to have been in the same direction as that of Saturday, only a little nearer Ladysmith than Elandslaagte. He also tells me that the Dundee force has been heard of as far on their way to Ladysmith as Waschbank. This clears up the obscure question of their movements, and it is a great relief, as when there is no news coming through people imagine all sorts of disasters. I asked for permission to visit the 188 Boer prisoners. I should like them to feel they are well treated, and that we look after them. They have certainly fought most pluckily. I must also go and see our wounded,

as Twemlow will have his hands more than full. I went in to see Colonel Johnston for a minute after dinner, but found him trying to get a nap on the sofa, as he was up till 3 this morning, and may be again to-morrow, meeting the wounded and seeing them conveyed to the hospital.

Wednesday, Oct. 25.—The news this morning is that there was a considerable fight yesterday, at which again a good many men were killed. It would appear as if it had not been a very decisive affair; but as I suppose our object was to do no more than was necessary to keep the Boers engaged, so that they might neither attack Ladysmith nor the Dundee column on its march, I suppose one may take it as satisfactory.

In the middle of the morning came the splendid news, if it is true, that General Symons has been brought into Ladysmith, that the bullet has been extracted by means of the Röntgen rays, and that he is doing well. It seemed hardly possible after what we had heard before, and a few hours later I went to the Governor and found that it is not true. He could not have got to Ladysmith, seeing the Dundee column is not there yet, and from a letter which has got through from Murray (A.D.C.) to the

Governor there seems to be very little hope. The Governor told me that he had had a telegram from General White to say that he was already in touch with General Yule and his Dundee force. This is so far good news. But it is a bad business having had to retire from Dundee. I am a good deal afraid of what the effect may be on the natives all over South Africa. They will certainly say: "It is no good your talking of victories. Who is master of the country? Have not the Boers actually got half Natal?" And then all those poor wounded fellows—about 170, I believe—will be prisoners; as they get better, I suppose they will be carried off to Pretoria, or else have to be exchanged for those that we have taken.

After luncheon I went to the camp hospital to visit some of the wounded. First I went into the huts where some of the officers are. I heard there was young Danks, a nephew of Archdeacon Danks, whom I used to know well in Nottingham. His father was a clergyman in Lincolnshire, whom I also know, though less well. He is in the Manchester Regiment. He has been hit in the head and has had a very narrow escape. The bullet has grazed the skull all across, but has not penetrated it at all. He hopes to be right again before very long.

He tells me he was unconscious for some time, and, like many more, spent the night on the field. I wonder how they survived to tell the tale. It was a dark, cold, wet night. He was in the Boer camp, and he got a blanket over him. The fellow in the next room was a young subaltern in the Devons. He had only joined ten days before—an early acquaintance with fighting. He had only a wound through the fleshy part of the left arm. He was out of bed and able to write. He was very full of the battle. He said that directly they made a rush and lay down the Boers ceased firing. But the moment they rose again for another rush the bullets came as thick as hail, bang! bang! all over the place. He said the ant-heaps were the greatest blessing. The men rushed forward in short runs and then dropped down and crawled to an ant-heap, and that gave them just cover enough, and they got their shot from there before making another rush.

Then I went into another hut and made the acquaintance of a man whom I found to be Major Wright of the Gordon Highlanders, who (with his Colonel Dick-Cunyngham) had been on the top of Majuba in the last war. They are the only two in the regiment left who were there. He is the first man I have ever met (except

Carter of the newspaper correspondents) who was actually there, and what he told me has slightly corrected my idea of the battle. I find they went some little way over the crest to repel the Boer advance, and it was there they came in for such a hot fire from the ridges below. I hope I shall get another talk with him some time. He is hit in the foot, and they say (though he did not tell me this) that it is the very same place he was hit on Majuba. Then I went up to the hospitals of the men. In the first I found a Wesleyan parson, so after speaking to one or two I left him in possession there and went on to another ward. It would take too long to recount all the conversations. The majority of the men I talked to were Gordon Highlanders: one from Huntley, where the regiment was first raised, one from Aberdeen, one from Perth, one from Banff, one from Glasgow, one from Newcastle, and so on. Of course these are mostly the slighter wounds. The gravest could not be moved down. Still some were pretty bad. Many of them were shot in the leg, and a great many in the arm or shoulder. One man had had a bullet right through his chest, and yet was walking about. They all talk of it as precious hot work—much worse than Dargai, at which many of them had

been present. One man had been all through that campaign, and the Chitral as well, and had not been hit at all till this time. Several of them had spent the night on the field, though one who was hit in the arm described how he saw a lantern in the distance, and took a pistol in his hand and made straight for it, determined to get to the train if he could, in spite of his wounded arm. The terrible thing is that we have all this bravery and loss of life with so little apparent result. And I quite expect we shall find the Boers claim all these actions as really victories for them, as I fear they have killed nearly as many as we have; and though they were driven off, they were able in both cases to come back again, as we have not men enough to hold the positions. However, we have so far checked their advance, and possibly made them a little more afraid of English troops than they were before. As an example of how bad things are with the refugees, I have a letter from a clergyman dated from a tent in the Park at Durban asking if I can get him anything to do. And yet, though there are people camping out in all sorts of wretched places, we find it hard to get a girl to help as under-nurse. So many of them consider this *infra dig.*

Thursday, Oct. 26.—A pouring wet day. We

are having much more rain than is usual at this time of year. Many of our poor fellows, and the Boers too, must be suffering from it, I fear. I should think there would be a good deal of rheumatism and colds. The day was without much excitement. There was little that was new. The Governor sent for me in the morning and told me he had news that poor General Symons had passed away. He died last night, and news seems to have been sent to Sir George White by General Joubert. It is a great grief to me, especially after the false hopes that had been aroused by the news that the bullet had been extracted. I shall hear from Bailey some day whether it was the operation that killed him, or whether the case was hopeless from the beginning, as I imagine. A more courteous, kindly, bright and genial man you could not find. I liked him very much and he inspired one with confidence. I had many long talks with him before he left Maritzburg. He was so high-minded about the war, deprecating strongly the mere vulgar desire to avenge Majuba, yet feeling intensely that England's prestige must not be allowed to suffer. Then the Governor asked if I would serve on a small committee to consider the claims of other places besides Durban and Maritzburg for a share of the fund

for the relief of refugees which has been raised by the Lord Mayor—a part of which we are to have here. I also called on General Wolfe Murray to ask him if he would come to the memorial service to-morrow night for those who have fallen. We hear that the Dundee column has safely reached Ladysmith and joined General White; but we are afraid that the missing squadron of Hussars and the company of mounted infantry who went in pursuit after the battle of Talana Hill are either killed or prisoners. Nothing seems to have been heard of them. I hope they may be prisoners. In the evening I went in to Colonel Johnston, where we again discussed the whole position. I never remember a time when we talked so much! Everyone is eager to review all the possible issues.

CHAPTER IV

REVERSES

A Visit to the Wounded—Boer Prisoners—News of Lombard's Kop and Nicholson's Nek—Ladysmith Isolated—Departure of Family for the Cape—Major Murray's Account of Talana Hill and Elandslaagte.

Maritzburg, Saturday, Oct. 28 (St. Simon and St. Jude—six years to-day, also a Saturday, I sailed from England in the "Scot"). —Yesterday, after getting my English letters ready, I paid another visit to the sick and wounded in the camp. It was again wet. We have had a very unusual succession of wet days for this time of year. It must be very uncomfortable for those in tents and worse for those who have none. I don't fancy the Boers have many. I visited three large wards; nearly all the men in them are wounded. I took a large bundle of books which I had cleared out of my shelves—many of them the small books which the S.P.C.K. send me every year, also a lot of old "Strands" and "Idlers"—a varied as-

sortment from the "Idler" to a tract. The men seemed glad to have them, as there was a run on them directly I put them down. They seem mostly on the mend. I went in to see the officers too. Danks I found was worse, and not allowed to see anyone. The wound being in the head, he has to be kept quiet, and they think he did rather too much the last day or two. I saw Major Wright of the Gordons again for a few minutes, and then I made the acquaintance of another who is serving with the Gordons, though he really belongs to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He is very cheerful and apparently not badly injured, but it is a marvellous escape. He is shot in three places in the legs. He has a bullet-hole right through his helmet. He showed it me. The bullet went in one side and came out the other, just behind a piece of Scotch heather he had stuck in it. He tells me also they have counted about eighteen bullet-holes in his kilt. Of course one bullet might make several holes in the folds of a kilt. But allowing for that it is a wonder he is here to tell the tale. Then I went into the cavalry mess, where there are about eight officers; three or four of them were in the Light Horse, others in the Gordons and Devons.

There is a very interesting account in to-night's paper of the retreat from Dundee by a civilian who accompanied the troops. It must have been a terrible time, what with the rain and the difficulties of the road and the want of sleep. In the evening we had a memorial service at St. Saviour's for those who have fallen. It was the burial service with a certain number of hymns and slight alterations to meet the case. I added a prayer for the wounded at the end.

This morning I went to a committee of the sick and wounded aid. We appointed a sub-committee, of which I was one (on my own volunteering), to actually buy the things needed to equip the Legislative Building as a hospital. It seems that after all the Imperial authorities want us to undertake it and to keep it for wounded Volunteers. So we set out at once to buy beds and mattresses and blankets and crockery and other things. We only got enough for twenty-five in the first instance, as it is possible that it may not be needed, though it is far more likely that it will be crowded before we have done. I am afraid the next action will be a very big one. If we should be beaten, the killed and wounded would be an enormous number, and even if we are

victorious, it will probably be a large list. I suppose if we should get beaten and Maritzburg should fall, we should some of us be marched off to Pretoria as prisoners. I don't know if they would think it worth while to take a Bishop, but they would no doubt take the Governor. Perhaps I should have to go as his chaplain! However, we hope for a victory. After our shopping I went in to see Colonel Johnston to tell him what we were doing and to see that all was right. I hope we shall get the Legislative Building into working order in a day or two, as it will make such an excellent hospital. There is little news from the front to-day. It is stated that the force went out yesterday to a place a few miles from Ladysmith, where the enemy was supposed to be, expecting to have a battle to-day; but when day broke they found that the enemy had cleared out, so I suppose they did not want to fight in that position, or they were not ready, or they were waiting for the 40-pounders to arrive from Dundee. So I fancy the battle is postponed till Monday or Tuesday.

Sunday, Oct. 29.—An unusually quiet day. I think it must be the proverbial lull before the storm.

Monday, Oct. 30.—This morning I had a

good round of business in the town. I went to see if the Legislative Building was getting on in its conversion into a hospital. It seemed to be getting ready, and will make a beautiful hospital, so cool and lofty and quiet, with all the appliances handy.

In the afternoon I went to the prison to visit the Boer prisoners. All the first lot have been shipped off to Simonstown, but these are all wounded men. It was an interesting visit. They could nearly all speak English, and most of them nearly as well as Englishmen. They all came from Johannesburg, as they all belonged to that commando. There were very different types among them, and most of them seemed very decent fellows. In fact, there was not one who did not receive me politely, and all seemed to appreciate my visit. They were mostly the slighter wounds. The worst could not be moved, I suppose. Among them there was one who had been bitten by a snake on the campaign. He was getting better, though it was a puff-adder, which is rather a bad poison. Some of them were Germans, two were Americans, and one or two were half English or Irish. I think of the whole lot the most bellicose and the most anti-English were the Americans. They had all got it well drilled into

them that this was nothing but a capitalist movement pure and simple, and that the working man ought to be on the side of the Boers. The Americans went so far as to say that the best Government for the working man was the Transvaal Government. But one could also see their bias against England, as they said we wanted to have the "Hull world put into a basket that we could carry around with us." Some of them, on the other hand, said they had been forced into the war against their wills, and that the whole blame of it was on that old man at Pretoria. So "even so their testimony agreed not among themselves." There were several lads of sixteen and seventeen, and some oldish men; one who had been at both Laing's Nek and Majuba. They all said that our artillery fire was terrible. Many of them had shell wounds. But then they seemed to think that it was not a fair battle, and that they were very plucky to stand up against us at all. For they said we had twenty-one guns, and they had two, and those not their best. If half that they said is true, there is a poor look-out for us to-morrow, when we are expecting the biggest fight. They say that the Transvaal has 80,000 men. They also say that the commando we fought against at Elandslaagte was

only 700 (some said 800; but then they all agreed that of these 200 ran away at once). Then, instead of the two guns which we fought against there, they say they have altogether ninety guns, besides those of the Free State. However, I quite expect all this is what they have been told in order to keep up their spirits. But I cannot doubt that the force we met at Elandslaagte was a small one. They said it never was meant to be there at all. That the men who took the train at Elandslaagte station were mere patrols, who were not meant to go so far. But that having done it the rest of the commando was obliged to move down to help them. Well, it is anxious work when we know that all depends on to-morrow's fight. That a defeat is by no means a very improbable thing, and that if we are defeated we shall have the Boers down here in a few days, and that as they will then have the line there is nothing to stop them. In which case we may be prisoners, our houses may be looted, and I suppose, if there should be any opposition, we might be in actual danger. In the evening I went round to the prison again with Colonel Johnston, and then to the station to send off some ambulance supplies for the front. We hear there has been fighting to-day, but several of the ladies have

had telegrams to say that their husbands are all right. We have no particulars, but it seems to have been chiefly an artillery fight.

Tuesday, Oct. 31.—The news of the fight of yesterday shows that it was anything but a small affair. But the worst of it did not ooze out till the second edition of the paper about 11. Then we were told that two regiments had surrendered and been made prisoners. There is a terrible gloom over the town at the news. It appears, as you probably know long before this, that the column comprising the Gloucesters, the Irish Fusiliers, and the 10th Mountain Battery were marching out in the night with a view to closing in the enemy's right flank, when some boulders on the hillside started off the mules which were carrying not only the guns of the battery, but also the reserve ammunition of the infantry. The mules stampeded right through the lines of the troops and were lost in the darkness. Here they waited, with the result that at dawn the enemy began to attack them, and the attack got more and more fierce, until by midday their ammunition was exhausted and they had to surrender. It is almost a second Majuba Hill. Only fortunately this time, though absolutely probably a larger number than were beaten at Majuba,

it was, relatively to the whole army, a much smaller body of men.

Apart from this, the action seems to have been indecisive. They were pounding each other with shell all day, and it was only late in the action that some naval guns got into position and were able to silence the huge guns of the enemy. But the net result is to show that we have little chance of driving the Boers away from Ladysmith till more troops arrive; and meanwhile they will no doubt invest the town more and more closely, and probably sooner or later seize the railway between here and Ladysmith, in which case the latter will be cut off and soon be short of supplies, and then I suppose have to fight its way through. Meanwhile it is quite on the cards that the enemy may send down a detachment to try and take Maritzburg. I fancy our chances of holding it must be very small, and the result of trying to defend it will be to justify the Boers in shelling it. The Governor says we may get guns from the men-of-war up here. And I suppose the Rifle Association and the Home Guard will try to do the rest. But it will be a poor show, as we have not got a single regular regiment. Well, this makes the prospect rather a serious one. We are too

near the camp in this house for us to be comfortable if they should shell the town. It would be terrible to have our little ones in the midst of a bombardment.

Wednesday, Nov. 1.—All Saints' Day. Nothing much new this morning. They do not seem to have been fighting much more yesterday. I daresay the Boers want to bury their dead, and perhaps are waiting for more troops. It is a public holiday here. It is a nuisance, because all the shops are closed, and one can do no business. At 11 we had arranged that the baby was to be baptized. The Dean performed the ceremony. We have been busy packing since. I have been packing and making a list of the silver. I forgot to mention that yesterday I went up to the College about half a mile from here to measure out the rooms for Colonel Johnston, as the Government think of offering it in certain contingencies as a hospital. I found Mr. Clark, the head master, knew nothing of such a plan. But he quite understood, and went round with me to help in the measurements. Later on Colonel Johnston arrived, and I had all the measurements ready for him so as to save his time, which is more than full with the care of all these sick and wounded. This evening he came in to tell me that all the

arrangements for the Legislative Building staff, food, surgical appliances, etc., would be ready by to-morrow afternoon, and that he shall then begin sending down the Volunteers.

Thursday, Nov. 2.—A terrible day of packing. The news this morning is that they have begun to open artillery fire again at Ladysmith. But there are no details, so that we don't know which side is getting the better. But we generally know that if there is good news it comes out fast enough. So I am afraid it means that we are not making much impression on their big guns. In the afternoon I went down to do several things, and found that the wounded and Volunteers were just being moved down from the camp to the Legislative Building; so I waited to see them in, and found that there were several small things which we had not thought of, and I undertook to go at once and order them—baths, linoleum to put under them, and candles (they have electric light, but might want some candles as well). The evening paper tells us that the Boers have begun firing at Colenso and the big bridge over the Tugela, and at the train from Ladysmith. This means that Ladysmith is cut off. It is just what I supposed would be their tactics and is very serious. I do not know what stores the garrison

at Ladysmith has. But it stands to reason that a large force of ten or twelve thousand men cannot last very long without fresh supplies both of food and ammunition. So that either we shall have to detach troops enough to fight the Boers all down the line, or else the whole force will have to evacuate Ladysmith and fall back further. This would be a terrible thing, as the whole colony is gradually falling into the hands of the Boers. On the other hand, there are rumours of fresh troops arriving. But the authorities keep the movement of troops so quiet that we cannot tell whether it is true or not. Troops were never more badly wanted. It will be even now as much as they can do to clear the line and reopen communications with Ladysmith.

Friday, Nov. 3.—I took some of the cases up to the goods station last night and sent them by goods train. Others I took up this morning to the platform, the boys wheeling them in a hand-cart and I on my bicycle. Then at 8.30 the family went in two rickshaws, and the rest of the luggage in the hand-cart. There was a great crowd on the station, but quite as many to receive people coming down from Ladysmith and other places. This particular train seems to have got through from Ladysmith without being fired on.

The Governor's saloon, which he has most kindly lent us, was attached here, and all the luggage except the perambulator (what a lot of luggage babies involve) could be placed in the saloon, which has two large compartments. Coming back from the station, I met Colonel Johnston coming to the camp on horseback. I stopped him and said that if there were a convalescent officer who cared to picnic with me here, I should be glad to take one in and have his company. I shall keep only the two boys, sending the native girl away, so things will be a little rough. I have rather a headache with the rush and excitement of the last two days; but there is a considerable sense of relief in getting my treasures out of the way of danger. Of course I do not anticipate that the Boers will ever get here at all, as I hope our troops will at least be able to hold them till the reinforcements arrive. But the trouble is that they are so much more mobile than we are. They, being all mounted, can move about far faster and get behind us, and having little commissariat or transport they move unimpeded. Colenso is an example of this, for already they are miles beyond our men. And they are not afraid to advance, as they can at any moment break up into little parties and find their way

back by many different roads. We need to mount all our infantry if we are to be a match for them. And I am afraid many of our Tommies would soon be off a horse if they got on to one. Now I think I may bring this discursive and redundant diary to an end for this week. You will excuse these faults when I mention that it is interrupted by my having to go every few minutes to see if the boys are cleaning the rooms upstairs properly after the chaos of packing.

Saturday, Nov. 4.—I went to Government House, and Murray gave me a very definite and detailed account of the battle of Talana Hill, and of General Penn Symons's wound, and of the subsequent retreat from Dundee to Ladysmith. He himself had a marvellous escape, as he was again and again under hot fire as he rode about taking the General's messages. Let me see if I can make it plain to you. First of all picture the position of Dundee.

There is a wide flat strath, though that name hardly applies strictly, as the surrounding hills are not continuous ranges, but more or less isolated hills. On the north is the Imparti, a steep hill about 1,200 feet high, with the usual flat top. It slopes away to the west to let the Newcastle Road and the railway pass north.

On the south of the strath and about four miles away is a bigger mountain, called Indumeni, about 2,500 feet above the plain. To the east lies a hill called Dundee Hill or Talana, on which is Mr. Smith's farm, called Dundee, from which the town has taken its name. The road to the Transvaal on the east of the Buffalo lies more or less over this hill, though it finds its way through a dip or nek between this hill and a kopje (smaller conical hill) to the south of it. It was on this hill and kopje that the battle took place. At daybreak the Boer guns from the top of it opened fire on our camp. In a few moments our guns were got into position to reply, and before long had for the time at least silenced the enemy's guns. Immediately the infantry regiments were got out. First the Dublin Fusiliers, then the 60th Rifles, and then the Irish Fusiliers were to cross the flat between the town and the hill in extended order. This flat is a slight decline to a donga with a little stream in it, and then a slight rise to the foot of the hill. A little way up the hill is the plantation of gum-trees belonging to Smith's farm. This wood and a wall at the top of it gave a certain amount of cover to our infantry. But all the way the fire from the enemy's rifles was hot. There was a certain

delay in getting through the wood, and the General, who was a little anxious lest a flank attack from the Imparti should begin (he knew that the enemy had been dragging guns up it), sent Murray across the flat and up to the wood to see why they did not get on. Murray found that the fire on the upper side of the wall was so hot that he galloped back to the General, and said he thought the artillery must continue to pound the Boers on the top a bit more before the infantry could charge up the last and steepest part of the hill above the wall bounding the wood. Then the General sent him away to the left to find out where the cavalry were. When Murray came back he found that the General had ridden forward right up to the wood, had dismounted, and had actually crossed the wall at the top with a view to encouraging the men to make the attack, hot as the fire was, so that at this moment the General of the whole army must have been actually leading it. This was too brave, and immediately he got over the wall he was shot. Murray got to him in time to help him back. He had managed to mount his horse in spite of the wound and its pain. They got him to Oldacre's store in the town, where he was seen to.

Meanwhile the Dublins had made one ad-

vance and found the fire too hot for them, and had to fall back. Directly they crossed that wall they were exposed to a cross fire from the kopje as well as from the top. Another place where they suffered badly was a little more to our left, where there was a sort of donga running up the hill, which seemed to give a certain amount of cover, and so our men had got into rather closer formation in it. But unfortunately it was commanded from the top, where the enemy had made a sort of sangar. So the artillery went on at the Boers on the top and cleared this sangar. Then a second assault over the last and steepest part was begun, and a second time our men had to fall back a bit as a shout was raised that our own artillery was about to reopen fire, and so our men would have been in danger from it. However, finally the position was rushed, and the Boers fled behind the hill.

It was after the battle that our misfortune took place. The 18th Hussars had sent out some squadrons under their Colonel (Möller) to get behind the mountain and so cut off the Boers. They seem to have pursued several parties of fleeing Boers, though we cannot be exactly sure of their movements. But at one or two places they seem to have got into difficulties, such as

having their Maxim stuck in a donga within fire from the enemy. And ultimately they seem to have pursued the enemy too far to the north, till they could not get back again to the south of Imparti, but had to try and make their way round it. It was here, I suppose, that they fell into the trap, and probably rode right into General Joubert's commando, a larger force than that which had been engaged and quite fresh. So they had no chance at all and had to surrender. The party included the mounted infantry company of the Dublins and a few of the 60th Rifles. In the Dublins was my young friend Lemesurier, our next-door neighbour here. However, report says they are being very well treated in Pretoria. I think you know that Murray himself had a very narrow escape at Talana: he had his horse shot under him, I think, in the wood. It was so badly hit that he had to finish it with his pistol.

Sunday, Nov. 5.—Holy Communion at the Garrison Church at 8. At 11 I went to St. Saviour's. After church I went to Government House and sat in the garden to have a chat with Brooke, the wounded A.D.C. of General White, who has come down. He is shot in the upper joint of the leg, and has had a splash of bullet off a rock in his eye. He is

getting better and hopes the eye will not have suffered permanently.

Still rumours of big successes on Thursday and Friday, but I fear they are exaggerations. They all come from natives, and natives always like to tell you what they think will please you. In the afternoon the two A.D.C.'s came to tea with me. I got them both to give further particulars of the battles they were in. Brooke was shot after they had carried the position of the enemy at Elandslaagte. He was with the Gordons on the ridge they had taken ; but when they advanced to the edge of it towards other ridges beyond, he was shot from the neighbouring height, and a good many men were shot at the same time. They put him behind a rock, and then the Boers came on again and our men were driven back a bit, and it looked as if he would be left alone to be taken prisoner. It was at this time, as he sat behind the rock, that he got the splash of a bullet which hit the rock and glanced against his face in the neighbourhood of the eye. The officers rallied the men and they advanced again and cleared the Boers off. It was about this time, he tells me, that Tatham, who was acting as Colonial A.D.C. to General White, pointed out to him that there was a Boer who

had got behind the line of the Devons and was deliberately potting at General White. Two or three bullets went very close to him—very plucky on the part of the Boer, but luckily for us he missed. In the evening I went to the Garrison Church. To-day we have the English mail, which brought me an unusually good lot of letters.

Monday, Nov. 6.—In the evening I went in to the Johnstons, and met the two Boer doctors who are attending the Boer prisoners. One of them is an Englishman. It was rather interesting to meet them and hear their view. They were quite sure that the Boers were treating people well at all the places which they had occupied.

I have a letter from Prior this morning to ask for help for Weston on Sunday. I have telegraphed back to say that I will come and preach to the troops at Estcourt if he will take Weston. I have been wanting to preach to the Volunteers, and a certain number of them are at Estcourt. I have preached to the regulars, but I do not want the Volunteers to think that I am indifferent to them. They have done splendidly, working side by side with the Imperial troops, sharing all their dangers and doing as well. And they include lots of men who are leaving their businesses to go to pieces.

Major Taunton, who was killed the other day, was a leading accountant in the town; agent for this house and also for the Union Company.

Friday, Nov. 10.—This has been an unhappy day. First there is the dreadful blank of this deserted house and the constant want of the touch of a vanished hand; then, to add to my sorrow and loneliness, I have lost my little fox terrier. Since the family left he has been allowed into the house, and has been my constant companion. I took him out with me this afternoon, and he follows the bicycle like a leech; but in Timber Street a bigger dog made a rush at him and rolled him over, and so we got separated. Just at the end of the street I met Murray on horseback and stopped to speak to him. Then I said I must go back and look for my puppy. I went back and saw him a little way down the street, and seeing him lingered a minute. Then when I went he had turned the corner. I looked everywhere and bicycled up and down the street, but all in vain. I felt quite disconsolate. A little later I went down the town again to have another look, and failing to see him I put an advertisement in the paper; but as I have to go away to-morrow morning I am very much afraid I shall not see him again.

CHAPTER V

A VISIT TO ESTCOURT

Visit to Estcourt—The Mess of the Dublin Fusiliers—View of Boer Position—Photography in Action—First Detachment of the Reinforcements—Return to Maritzburg.

Estcourt, Saturday, Nov. 11.—Up early, breakfast at 8, started by train at 8.45. At the station they refused to give me a ticket for Estcourt, no one being allowed to go there now. I suppose they want as few civilians as possible in case of attack, and also no doubt they want to keep out all possible spies. That is one of the difficulties of this campaign: that the country is swarming with spies, or with suspected spies, every Dutchman being more or less suspected. However, I went to the superintendent and promptly got my ticket. I travelled up with Mr. Winter, the Minister of Agriculture. There has been little news for the last few days. General White is said to have fired a salute on the Prince's birthday—twenty-one guns with shells at the Boers—but there does not appear

to have been any serious fighting. The Boers seem still to be holding the hills above Colenso just across the Tugela in force. I expect they are fortifying them so as to make it a terrible place for our men when the time comes to advance, and then they will also probably blow up the bridge before they leave, so that we shall have to make more or less of a new one, and meanwhile they will make it very hot for us with their guns. And if the river is in flood, as it may very likely be at this time of the year, we shall not be able to get across till we have repaired the bridge.

Sunday, Nov. 12.—Prior started about 7 for Weston, and I took the Celebration which was at that same hour. Colonel Cooper and Major Bird of the Dublin Fusiliers were there, and two sergeants or corporals and two ladies. There are not many of the ladies of Estcourt here: they have mostly left. At 9.30 there was the church parade. The troops present were the Border Regiment, the Durham Light Infantry, and a few more of other Volunteer regiments. There was no sort of music, and very little in the way of responses, which made it very cold. I suggested to Prior that he should try to get some of the men together to form a choir, who could at least lead the re-

sponses if they could not do much in the way of hymns. It was a nice, quiet, cool morning, so I hope that I was heard; but it is very hard to overcome the physical difficulties of a service where you have to shout in order to be heard at all. I preached to them from the end of Hebrews xi. At 11 I took the service in church.

Then I went to luncheon with the Dublin Fusiliers. It was very nice to see them all (no, alas, not all!) again after what they have been through—that battle of Talana Hill, and the long march back to Ladysmith through rain and watching for the enemy, with very little sleep and no dry clothes all the time. And then more fighting at Ladysmith. It becomes more and more obvious to me that the battle of Lombard's Kop on the Monday after the Dundee column got in was very much like a disaster. Haskard was out on picket duty, so I did not see him then, though I did after. Captain Hensley had two marvellous escapes at Talana. Twice he happened to stoop down, and a fellow was shot over his head where his head would have been if he had been standing up. One or two of the officers at mess had joined quite lately, and they had one or two from other regiments attached to them.

The mess was in a big warehouse which they said they had commandeered—the table was a big deal one, the seats were cases of wooden laths for making other cases. Their beds were spread around the walls, the beds consisting, by the way, only of a blanket. The luncheon was not bad, however. We had a dish of mince and some vegetable; there was a ham and some sardines, and some stewed fruit and cheese—so what could one want more? There was also beer and coffee after, served in tin mugs. Then after luncheon Colonel Cooper and Major Bird were going to ride round to the outposts, so I asked if they could give me a mount and let me come too. This they promised to do, so at 3 o'clock we started to ride up the hill along the main road to Colenso and Ladysmith.

About a mile up we found the first picket under Captain Romer of the Dublins; then we went further and found a cavalry vedette just near the intrenchments which have been dug on both sides of the road. If there should be an advance of the Boers the vedette would gallop into Estcourt, and the pickets would move forward to the intrenchments to hold the Boers back till the troops could come up from the town. From this point, which was on a high ridge, we could see all the country right away to Lady-

LADYSMITH AND UMBULUWANA FROM THE N.W.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.

To face p. 70.

smith. We could see Grobler's Kloof Hill, where the Boers are, above Colenso, Umbulwana Mountain to the south-east of Ladysmith, where their big guns are fixed, and the hollow in which Ladysmith lies, though we could not see the town itself because of the hills.

It was strange to think that this sunny and apparently peaceful stretch of country contained thousands of soldiers and guns, and that, if the bombarding were proceeding as it has been for many days past, we should actually have seen the puffs of smoke from the guns. All seemed quiet to-day. I don't know whether the Boers purposely avoid fighting on Sunday, or simply whether it did not happen to fall in with their plans. It is a strange experience to be looking out over all this country which I know so well, which already seems so homelike, which I have ridden over in search of the scattered flocks in my charge, and to find it the scene of such terrible bloodshed and of the potentialities of infinitely more, for one foresees that when the advance begins it will be a furious business. Unless the Boers are drawn off by news of our advance from Cape Town through the Free State, they will make the line of our advance through all these hills a perfect shambles.

From this point we left the main Ladysmith

Road and took to the veldt in the direction of the road to Weenen, a little more to the south. We passed solitary vedettes and then came to a cavalry picket. The horses were picketed under cover of a hill a little below the ridge. Then we went further, crossing the Weenen Road, and came to a picket of the Dublins under Haskard. He reported his arrangements, how many sentries he had out, how he doubled them at night, and what his plans were of communicating with Romer's picket in case of alarm. At this moment Fairleigh, who had been lunching with us, passed along the road with a considerable patrol of the Natal Mounted Police, of which he is an Inspector, with orders to patrol along the road further out towards Weenen. A messenger came galloping up a little before this to bring a message to Colonel Cooper that the General wanted him immediately, so they galloped off together to Estcourt. I left Major Bird to continue his round of the outposts with Colonel Sitwell, while I walked my horse back talking to Haskard. He tells me that he took a lot of photographs during the battle of Talana, which are now being developed in Maritzburg. I hope to see them. It sounds rather calm to be taking snapshots while men are shooting with rifles and being shot. He tells

me one view showed Perreau (one of the Dublin officers) firing at the Boers over the bodies of several wounded and dead men. The fact is that in such a battle there are considerable pauses—for instance, while the artillery are shelling the position and so making it less impossible for the infantry to advance further—so that Haskard was able to utilize these with his pocket camera. Several of the Dublin officers left their swords behind them and got hold of rifles when men fell, and so were less marked as targets for the Boers, and were able to do more execution themselves than would have been possible with the officers' usual weapons —the sword and pistol. I trotted into Estcourt, as I had to get tea and prepare another sermon. There was a good congregation at night, more than half being officers and men of the troops. I preached to them from the second lesson, "Except a man be born again," etc., and said one could not help feeling that such experiences as they had been passing through must be a revelation of a new life in which the mere worldly maxims of selfish ease must be felt to be insufficient to account for our human nature, that there was a better life and a higher ideal which such times as these brought into play. Prior got back from Weston just in time for the

Evening Service. We were all pretty sleepy after it, as we had had a long and busy day, so we turned in early. In the middle of the night, about 3 a.m., I heard some one knocking at the door. I got up to open it; it turned out to be a message to Major Butterworth that the new General (General Hildyard) was arriving at 5, and that he was to be at the station to meet him.

Considering that we have no artillery here it is almost a wonder that the Boers have not sent down a small force to cut us off. If they could send even a couple of large guns, I expect we should be compelled to retire from here. And we have enormous supplies here waiting to be pushed forward as soon as ever the road can be reopened to Ladysmith. At Dundee we had to leave three months' provisions for the troops in the hands of the Boers, and they might get at least as much here if they came. However, at present they have shown no signs of doing so.

Monday, Nov. 13.—Matins at 8 and breakfast after. Then I went round the church and parsonage to see the repairs and additions Prior has been enabled to make out of the profits of the Magazine. Then I went with him to meet the new General, as he had re-

ceived an order asking him to do so. But I found the General very busy seeing all sorts of people, as he was going off again by the same train that I am going by, so I only just shook hands with him and said I might perhaps see him again in the train. Then I went to see a poor Zululand clergyman who passed through Maritzburg some month or two ago, on his trek in search of relief from the consumption he is ill of. He has come to what I fear is a full stop here, as he has got worse, and so he has settled down at the Roman Catholic Sanatorium, where his wife and baby are with him, and where he is, I fear, only waiting for death. The Romans have certainly bestowed a great boon on the Colony in building and running these sanatoriums here and in Durban and Maritzburg.

From there I saw the train arriving, amid cheers from the troops in camp, bringing the first instalment of the Army Corps which we have been waiting for so long and so anxiously. I hurried down so as to meet them at the station. It turned out to be the West Yorkshire Regiment. I watched them detrained and drawn up all along the village street, and then marched down to what is to be their camping ground, between the Border Regiment

and the Natal Field Artillery. I called on Colonel Hinde of the Border Regiment. He was away with the General, but I chatted with some of the younger officers, and then went to call on some of the Volunteer officers. Among the Artillery I found some whom I knew slightly. Then I went across to another camp, and called on three officers of the Imperial Light Horse, the special corps which was raised chiefly from Uitlanders, and of which poor Colonel Chisholme was commander. They tell me that they have lost something like two-thirds of their officers killed and wounded already. Then I called on Major Mackenzie, who is here with a half squadron of the Carbineers. I had met him before. He is a brother of Dr. Mackenzie of Durban—both of them great riders and polo players.

By this it was time for me to go and get a snack of luncheon and catch the train. Prior and Major Butterworth saw me off. The General went in an adjacent carriage, but only as far as Nottingham Road, where Major Graham, the D.A.A.G., met him. I believe they returned shortly after to Maritzburg by a special train. He came to speak to me at the station, and apologized for having seen nothing of me, but he had had to write all

the way down, which, of course, I could well understand, as he has to get hold of all the ropes and arrange a hundred details of his command.

CHAPTER VI

THE BOER RAID

Dinner at Government House; General Hildyard and Prince Christian Victor—Armoured Train Disaster—Arrival of Reinforcements and General Clery—The Boer Raiders—The Legislative Buildings Hospital; the Armoured Train Wounded—The College Hospital; Wounded from Mooi River.

Maritzburg, Tuesday, Nov. 14.—In the morning I did a round of paying bills—the work I generally leave to my wife! One interesting discovery was my reward. I find that a shopkeeper here came out from Nottingham four years ago, where he had been for twenty years past. It was very nice to get the English mail this morning. In the afternoon I went down for the afternoon paper, and then called at Government House, where I was presented to Prince Christian Victor; and the Governor kindly asked me to dinner. I was glad to meet General Hildyard, whom I had seen so little of at Estcourt. He was very pleasant, and seemed to have been rather struck by my say-

ing that he was far too busy to be bothered with any more people, and would therefore say "How do you do" and "Good-bye." That seemed to be more considerate than most people are. We had a pleasant evening. General Hildyard said that they might be very glad to ask for my services again, as all the military chaplains were shut up in Ladysmith. I think if they want me I ought to go. When a third of the adult male population of Natal is under arms, at the sacrifice of business and safety, I think we ought not to be behindhand if we are really wanted. Only I don't want to go if I am not sure that it is a real call of duty. If it is, I do not think it would do for the leader to send his lieutenants and stay at home himself in ease and safety.

Wednesday, Nov. 15.—We have more bad news to-day, as no doubt you have heard—the armoured train from Estcourt has come to grief. We are far too innocent for these wily Boers. These armoured trains seem only to be death-traps, and I cannot see that they do much good. The scouting is far better done by mounted men, who are not limited to the one iron line, but can scamper away anywhere if they find the enemy approaching. I do not know yet who has been killed or taken prisoner.

Only three days ago I was among them, and chatting over this armoured train business as if it were merely an exciting day's sport. The Volunteers were in it too, so there will be great lamentations in Durban. Although troops are now arriving, I am afraid there is as yet no artillery; and even if there is I fear that, if all our guns are like those we already have out here, they are outclassed by the Boers and will not be able to hold their own. It looks still very grave. I have been visiting the wounded men in the Legislative Buildings.

Friday, Nov. 17. — Since the disaster to the armoured train there has been little news or excitement. Troops have been passing through to-day, including three batteries of artillery, which is good news. In the afternoon I called on General Clery, who is to command the division from here till Sir George White is relieved; but they said he was engaged, so I left a card. I visited the College, which has been turned into a hospital. They are taking the patients out again, and bringing them back to the Camp Hospital. It seems there is not room enough at the College, and the only reason why they were removed was in case there should be fighting here, and I suppose they think now that danger is past. (That de-

pends!) I sent off a tremendous budget by the mail to-day, nearly enough to make an ordinary number of the Strand Magazine. My friends have remembered me again since Natal became such an interesting place, and the mails have been bringing big budgets. In the evening I went in to Miss Walker's Soldier's Institute opposite, and talked to a few of the men, including one lifeguardsman, servant to Mr. Cavendish, who is signalling officer to General Clery.

Saturday, Nov. 18. — This morning Mr. Gedge, a new Army Chaplain who has arrived with General Clery, came to call. I asked him to stay here, so he came to luncheon, and his soldier servant brought his goods and established him in our spare room.

In the afternoon I took him to call at Government House, where we heard that the Boers had shown up at Estcourt and been fired at and driven away by the naval gun. I am always a day or two too soon!

Sunday, Nov. 19.—Gedge and I went to the Garrison Church at 8.

The English mail arrived just before I started for church, but I actually had the strength of mind not to open any of the letters.

In the afternoon, after luncheon, at which

Johnson of St. Cyprian's had joined us—he is taking a holiday, being rather run down, and having an episcopal curate in the person of my brother of Pretoria—I devoured the letters, and from them it seems certainly more likely than it has ever seemed before that the Mother will come out.

Monday, Nov. 20. — Just before I started for early service at the Cathedral I got a line from Major Kennedy to say that he finds he was mistaken in thinking the 2nd Devons are to stop here on the way through, and that they went to Mooi River in the night. So I am sorry I have missed Taylor this time. But probably I shall be going up some time soon. Very likely I shall take a service at Mooi River, though one does not know a day ahead what the movements will be. They keep everything very dark, because of spies, who are all round us. I have been doing all my housekeeping in a fairly regular way. Have been round paying all my bills and ordering meat, etc. In the afternoon I took Gedge down to see the Volunteer Hospital at the Legislative Building. The only officer of the regulars there is young Danks. He is getting better, though his head is still bound up. I have asked him to come and stay with me when he is better and allowed

out. Then, after sending a telegram to the Cape to welcome the Mother, for I had a telegram this morning to say they were safe at the Cape, Mother included, we went to tea at the Twemlows. I also wrote to Mother. What a surprising thing it is that she should really have made such a plunge and at such a time. However, I am heartily glad, and am sure she will have a most delightful time at Highwick. The flowers and fruits must be lovely now—the loquats and peaches and soon the grapes. And it is seldom uncomfortably hot at the Cape as far as my knowledge goes. I shall urge them to stay on there for a good long time, till the heat both of the summer and of the war is over.

Twemlow had not come back from Estcourt, but was proposing to come in the night train due here at 3.30 a.m. I think he will have had his desire and seen something of the Boers, for they not only came within range of our guns at Estcourt, but we see they are all about Highlands and Willow Grange, the stations this side of Estcourt. They are evidently bent on trying to cut the line there too, and so to isolate the force at Estcourt. I am sorry to see they are on Mr. George Turner's farm, Warley Common, where I have so often stayed, and Mr. Cope's, where there is a girls'

school. I wonder whether all the girls have gone to their homes. I expect they have. I think the Boers will soon find they are getting a little too bold and will begin to draw back. At least I hope so. I think unless we make a big blunder, they must have reached the end of their tether. It is getting a little hard to bear to see them visiting one after another of one's friends and carrying off all their cattle and horses. They have been to the Woodgates, where we stayed, and where we climbed Tafel Kop. I see his brother, Colonel Woodgate, is coming out as brigadier of a brigade in the new division which Sir Charles Warren is to command.

Tuesday, Nov. 21.—Nothing much new to-day. The weather yesterday and to-day has been intolerable — thundery, close, and damp heat, so that one was in a bath of perspiration all day long. Up to now we have been having it quite cold. I kept indoors most of the day. Twemlow came back and reported his experiences. He had reached Estcourt just too late to see the naval gun fired. He stayed with the Dublins, sleeping on a blanket on the floor of their warehouse mess, which he found very hard. He did what I did—rode round the outposts. But they put him on a horse which ran

away with him, and he was in danger of being shot by our own men—if the horse had carried him into the Surrey lines he might have been. Gedge has decided that Twemlow shall go to Estcourt meanwhile—till the column starts—and that he, Gedge, will go to Mooi River, where there are now a good many troops. When they start, they may want a third—that is, a chaplain for each brigade. Then, to serve Maritzburg, he has telegraphed at my suggestion to Thompson, from Johannesburg, who is now in Durban, and he is inclined to accept.

Wednesday, Nov. 22.—This morning we hear that the Boers have cut the line this side of Estcourt. So I fear Twemlow will not be able to get to Estcourt according to Gedge's plan. They have raided all the farms and taken the line near Highlands Station. So Estcourt is invested as well as Ladysmith. It seems about time that we began to do something. I suppose they really will begin to act soon. Coming back from the Cathedral this morning before breakfast, I saw a lot of officers of the staff in what looked like heavy marching order, so perhaps some are already on the move. I see in the paper that the Boers have been to P. D. Symonds's farm, the Natal Stud Company,

where there are a lot of valuable racehorses and stallions, and they have carried off £15,000 worth.

An uneventful day. In the afternoon I visited the Legislative Buildings Hospital. The more one talks with the fellows who were wounded in the armoured train, the more wonderful it appears that any of them got away alive. I was talking to half-a-dozen of them this afternoon, all more or less badly wounded, one of them a railway man, whom I have met at Dundee, a platelayer who was in the train. He got crushed by the trucks turning over. There was Sergeant Todd, who helped to save Captain Wylie by placing him behind boulders after he was hit. There was one poor fellow who was hit by a piece of a shell in the thigh. It began spurting blood, an artery evidently having been cut. He said the one doctor who was with them came to stop the bleeding, and bound it up, though his hands were shaking all the time, as the shot and shell crashed and snapped all round them. It stopped a bit, and then the engine came along, and he was afraid it would go on and leave him to the Boers, so he struggled after it, and got hold of the buffer and dragged himself half on to the foot-plate, and so held on till they got to Frere, and in doing this burst

his bandage, and the blood began to spurt again. One wonders how a man can live through that sort of thing. Danks is better, though not out yet. They are well looked after in the hospital. I found the officers eating strawberries and cream, with a rather pretty girl making tea for them. I don't know who she is, but she seems to have taken up the post of general consoler!

In the evening Captain and Mrs. Morgan came to dinner. Rather bold for me as a bachelor to be giving dinner-parties with two native servants. But they did well and we managed quite right. "Jeremiah" decorated the table as he had seen Miss Wood do it. I superintended the laying of the cloth, etc., as they cannot quite be trusted. We went up afterwards to sit on the verandah, but a slight rain began which drove us in. It has been awfully hot for three days, but the rain is now beginning to make things more tolerable. We still wait as patiently as we can for movement on the part of the troops. Meanwhile the Boers get more and more daring. To-day they have been shelling our camp at Mooi River, and looting considerably south of that, getting comparatively near to Maritzburg. They have visited the Dargle, which is a

bicycle ride from here—you will remember my riding down from there.

Thursday, Nov. 23.—Still we wait. There are small skirmishes about, but nothing of any importance. The Dean came to luncheon, and Twemlow to meet Gedge. Twemlow is very happy at the prospect of getting to the front. I don't know if they will want me as well, but perhaps I may go and have a Sunday with them anyhow. Gedge and Twemlow have decided to start to-night for Mooi River, and Twemlow is to go on to Estcourt as soon as it is possible to get there. But I doubt if that can be till General Clery's whole column starts, as there seems little chance of our driving the Boers away till we take the offensive on a big scale.

In the afternoon Gedge and I took a walk round the Park on the way to the College Hospital. There I visited several in the big ward while Gedge went to the small wards. The first two I spoke to belonged to the 2nd Devon, the battalion in which Nell's friend Taylor is. They had only just got to the front, so it is quick work for them to be back here wounded. They had only been at Mooi River about two nights when they were shot at in the dark while they were on picket duty.

Some Boers came into them in the dark and the officer of the picket called them to arms, and the voice showed the Boers where to aim, and they fired, with the result that one of these chaps was wounded in the hand and the side, and another was killed, shot through the lung. One of the men to whom I was talking came himself from Kentish Town and knew Lyndhurst Hall. The other was a real Devon, and came from Exeter. The Kentish Town man was not wounded; he has a sprained ankle. At another place I found a man in Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry who had been wounded in Sunday's fight about Mr. Turner's. He comes from Inverness, but his real home was Glenelg, where his father, Fraser, was schoolmaster. I felt quite a fellow-feeling for a man from Glenelg. Gedge left at 9.30 in a torrent of rain. So again silence reigns in this lonely house.

A Happy Christmas and New Year to you all in spite of all.

CHAPTER VII

THE INVASION STAYED

General Sir Redvers Buller—Service at the College Hospital—Dinner at Government House—Colonial Scouts—Boers retire on the Tugela—News of Belmont—Sister Charlotte.

Maritzburg, Saturday, Nov. 25.—Prepared sermons, wrote letters for the mail, and in the afternoon visited the hospital at the College. Took up a big lot of fly-papers which I had begged from Mr. Merrick. The next time I came I found them all in use and much appreciated, having caught thousands.

Sunday, Nov. 26.—I went to the Garrison Church at 8 and celebrated; at 11 I preached at St. Peter's. General Sir Redvers Buller was there with His Excellency. He arrived last night at 11.30. I had not felt sure of it till I actually saw him, as we have had so many unfounded rumours. His A.D.C. was there as well as Murray. After service Murray came to ask me to dine to-night. As the General left the church, a small crowd gathered outside and

gave him great cheers. Then he drove round to the Legislative Buildings and saw the hospital arrangements there. In the afternoon I went to the College Hospital, and held a little service in one of the marquees. I got the sergeant in charge to make the necessary preparations, as Gedge had done the week before. It only meant moving a certain number of benches in, and I had a little congregation of about thirty. We had no books, so I could only give out a verse of a hymn at a time, and we sang in that way two of the best known—even so rather a poor performance. I was glad to have this chance of speaking to them, as in visiting it is difficult to do more than merely chat. They are too near to each other, and naturally too shy of each other to make anything in the way of private conversation possible. Then I went back to tea, and it was delightful on our verandah, as the day was neither too hot nor too cold. Then at 8 I went to Government House and had dinner with the Governor, General Buller, Lord Gerard, A.D.C., Colonel Hime, and Murray, and two secretaries. I sat on H. E.'s left hand and General Buller on his right, and Lord Gerard next to me. Buller had just got telegrams about Lord Methuen's second battle at Graspan.

The men I preached to this afternoon were awfully pleased when I told them I was going to dine with General Buller. They did not know for certain that he was really in Natal. We hear to-night that the line is open again to Estcourt. Whether that is due to the battle General Hildyard fought on Thursday, or to the news of General Buller's arrival, or to the accounts coming in of the battle of Belmont we cannot say; but we hope the tide has begun to turn, and that our innings is coming. The Boers have been making free with my diocese and with all the farmers' stock quite long enough.

Monday, Nov. 27.—In the town this morning I find a lot of fellows from the country districts who have come in in answer to an appeal from the Government for a corps of scouts, young farmers who can supply their own horses and rifles, and act, without pay, as scouts and guides. Mr. Frank Gordon of Enon told me that he and his two boys were going. They are schoolboys at Canon Todd's. Really Natal has played up splendidly. There will soon be hardly any adult males left who are not fighting, except just enough to keep the Civil Service going. Two train-loads of wounded and sick have come down, one with seventy and the other

with eighty, since the line was open again to Estcourt. Of course a whole lot of these chaps knock up from the change of climate and being exposed on wet nights, sometimes without even tents to sleep in.

Tuesday, Nov. 28.—Went as usual to early service, and on the way back sent a telegram wishing Mother and Cecil many happy returns of the day. I wish I could be with them. There is not much new here. The enemy is in full retreat as far as the Tugela, and it is a question whether we can get there first and cut them off or at least save the bridge, but I doubt it. I fear we have not cavalry enough. I am going to have a companion in my loneliness. Murray and Major Heath came to luncheon to-day, and I proposed to the latter that he should come and stay here, which he accepted. He has been sleeping at the Brigade Office and getting his meals at the station. In the afternoon we had a meeting of the committee for the sick and wounded, and I proposed that we should supply the men in hospital with daily papers. I suggested boxes about the town, which might be cleared every day of papers which people drop into them. But the committee thought that we might as well spend the money in buying them straight out from the

publishers. So they voted 5*s.* a day, and I promised to go and see how many I could get for that. I subsequently got the publishers to give us 100 for the 5*s.*, and arranged that 40 should be sent to the Camp Hospital, 30 to the College, 20 to the Legislative Buildings, and 10 to Grey's Hospital. I think they will regard this as a great boon, as what they all want is news of the war and not old Strands or Graphics.

Wednesday, Nov. 29.—Report of another big fight—apparently the biggest of all—fought by Lord Methuen beyond Belmont. But the worst of it is they seem to have gained nothing except the enemy's position. There is no word of how many they killed or of any guns taken. It looks as if they might have it all to do again. In the afternoon I went for a few minutes to the College Hospital. In the evening I preached at St. Saviour's—at least it was hardly a sermon. It was a little account of the missionary work going on in the diocese. Mr. Clark wanted to get a series of addresses in Advent on the mission work of the Church in South Africa. A clergyman from Matabeleland has turned up. He was with Colonel Plumer's force, and was slightly wounded and taken prisoner. He was hit in the foot by a bit of a shell, and then

carried off to Pretoria. His name is Leary. From there they sent him off to Delagoa Bay, whence he came round here. He has been to General Buller this morning to ask if they will employ him as a chaplain. So my chances of being wanted are so much the less.

Thursday, Nov. 30 (St. Andrew's Day).—About 6.30 I started for St. Cross, where I celebrated at 7, preparatory to the Profession of Sister Charlotte. They gave me breakfast afterwards by myself. Then I sat in the garden for half an hour and prepared an address; and at 9 the service for the Profession was held. It was the same as on former occasions. The Sister has been for ten years a most devoted worker in the society. She was the one who used to go all over the country begging for the sisterhood and orphanage. She even tackled President Krüger and got £6 6*s.* a year out of him, though I presume the payment has lapsed for the present. After the service we all met in the Associates' room, and I had a long talk with Mrs. Marling, the wife of one of the officers of the 18th Hussars. She was in Ladysmith up to the moment that it was closed, being there all the time of the battle of Lombard's Kop. And she heard the shells flying overhead all day long. We see to-day by a re-

porter's news, who has run the gauntlet of the Boer lines, that there have been odd casualties from these daily shells, and among them is recorded the death of Dr. Stark. In the afternoon I went again to the hospital on purpose to see a young fellow who was in a good deal of trouble yesterday because Sir W. MacCormac had been round and had said that he must lose his leg. He had a bad smash in the thigh, and I know they were trying to restore feeling to the foot by hot bottles. I found, however, that he had been taken up to the Camp Hospital, that the amputation might be done this afternoon; so I must go and find him out there to-morrow.

I have got a telegram from Gedge asking me to go to Mooi River to be acting-chaplain with Lyttelton's Brigade; but this morning, just after I had got that, another chaplain turned up from England.

CHAPTER VIII

A WEEK END IN CAMP

Start for the Front as Acting-Chaplain—To Nottingham Road and Mooi River—A Cricket Match—Church Parade —Evening Service—Return Home.

Nottingham Road, Friday, Dec. 1.—Major Heath kindly went over to the Brigade Office before breakfast to get me a warrant, which means a free ticket by the railway. I have left the two native boys to take care of my guest. I hope they will. One of them, Harli, wants to go. I objected, as I had raised his wages on condition that he should stay; but his old mistress has written to say he wants to go back to her, and as one of my old boys has turned up and says he wants to come back to me in three weeks' time, it works out all right. I started at 8.45, though the train was really later. The station was very busy with the arrival of the Connaught Rangers (drawn up outside) and another battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers. These form part of the Irish

Brigade (the 7th, I think), which is to be under General Hart. Meanwhile these seem to be stopping in Maritzburg.

I travelled with Mr. Hill, the newly arrived chaplain. We had a compartment to ourselves. Major Gardner, who was in the next carriage, joined us part of the time. He is going up to Hidcot, to Lloyd's Farm, to see in what state it has been left since the Boers occupied it. This was where the Willow Grange fight was last week. At Hilton Road we talked to a sergeant of the South African Light Horse. This is another irregular regiment which has been raised at Cape Town from Uitlanders and others. They have sent them on here, presumably because we are so short of mounted men. They are at Hilton Road just now, but some of them (one squadron, I think) are marching to-day as far as Balgowan. We passed them soon after at Dargle Road. They wear the regulation khaki which regulars and Volunteers alike are fitted with. But in their slouch hats they have black cockfeathers.

At Nottingham Road I found there was time to go on to Mooi River, have an hour and ten minutes there, and come back here by 3 o'clock. So I did this. Hill and I walked up the hill to General Lyttelton's tent, and I explained to him

NOTTINGHAM ROAD.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.

To face p. 98.

that I had been put into orders as acting-chaplain to his brigade, but that Mr. Hill had turned up unexpectedly and cut me out. I found him at lunch with three staff officers in a little wood and iron house close to their tents: whether put up on purpose or happening to be there I don't know, but probably the latter. He seemed to think there might still be work enough for both of us if I liked to stay, but I told him it had been arranged that I should go to Nottingham Road for this Sunday. So then we went back to the station and had luncheon at the hotel, and then I got the down train at 2.10 and reached Nottingham Road again at 2.50.

I went to call on the Colonel of the Somerset Light Infantry. He is Colonel Gallwey, brother of the Colonel Gallwey, R.A.M.C., who is living next door to me in Maritzburg, and cousin of Sir Michael, the Chief Justice. He introduced me to his adjutant, Captain Swayne, and we fixed up the hour of service to-morrow. And I found he had already been arranging about hymns; they have something of a band, and he had got hold of a certain number of books—many more than we had either at Estcourt or Dundee. Then I asked him to let me know if there would be any

communicants if I had a service at 7.30 in the hotel. He promised to find out, and later on he sent me word that there would be three at the least. Then the Colonel and I walked up to the cricket ground, where the regiment was playing a match against the farmers. The latter have been called out as scouts for the last fortnight and have to-day been disbanded for the present by the General's orders, so as to allow them to look after their farms till they are wanted again. I met several I knew. They are really as useful as any, as they are, like the Boers, good riders, good shots, and know the country. I find this regiment, the Somerset Light Infantry, came out on the "Briton." They won their match by ten runs.

Advent Sunday, Dec. 3.—I had arranged for Holy Communion in a sitting-room of the hotel. About a dozen officers and men turned up, so that with Mrs. Tucker and young Mitchell-Innes (who lives at Elandslaagte and is also a refugee) the little room was crammed. We had arranged for the church parade to be at 11. I suggested that the sun might be rather powerful then, but they did not think it would matter, and it gave the country people round the chance of coming in. I woke this morning with a sore eye and a threatening

of headache. I robed in the Colonel's tent, and then walked to the three-sided square they had formed with drums in the middle. The sun was so strong that I wore my white sun helmet all through the service. Even so the bright light made my sore eye water badly. I had to hold my hand in front of it part of the time. The service went well—there was a large muster of men and some ten or a dozen civilians. I preached from the Epistle for the day, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand," etc. We had two hymns, and finished up with "God save the Queen." My eye was so sore that I let one of the medical officers look at it. He put in a cocaine tabloid and put on a wet pad and a bandage, so I went away looking as if I had been in action.

One of the men came up to me directly after service, and asked if I would hold an evening service. I said I would gladly, if we could get the little Presbyterian chapel, which is the only place of worship here. (We use it alternately with them.) After luncheon two of the officers came to ask the same question. It was nice to find they wished it. So I went round to the adjutant and asked him to announce that it would be at 5.30. Then I went back to try and sleep, for my head was

very bad and it was very hot. It was a nuisance to have a headache on what would otherwise have been so satisfactory a day. At 5.30, unfortunately, the band came to play in front of the hotel, which proved a counter-attraction to the service. Besides which, many of the officers and civilians had not heard of the service. Still, in spite of all this, the little chapel was quite full, about fifty soldiers turning up, not a single woman or civilian. We had three hymns which I started, and I preached from the second lesson, on our Lord's washing the Disciples' feet.

Then I came back and chatted with some of the men, who were sitting in scores on the grass in front of the hotel listening to the band. I am very glad I came up, seeing the way the men responded.

Monday, Dec. 4.—After breakfast, went round to the hospital tents. But very few of them were inhabited. The South African Light Horse moved on this morning, but left two of their number in hospital, and there were five of the Somersets. None very bad. They send all they can off to Maritzburg. It is wet this morning, and having to walk through long grass to the tents made it necessary to get shoes and gaiters dried before the return journey.

C. T. D.

NO. IV. GENERAL HOSPITAL, MOOI RIVER.

To face p. 102.

Luncheon in the hotel, and then at 2.45 started back to Maritzburg. Just before we started an up train arrived, carrying a detachment of naval men from H.M.S. Terrible with four guns. I spoke to one of the officers. It is rumoured that General Buller starts to-night, which means, if true, that there will be a big battle very soon. I found out afterwards that it is not quite true. His baggage is going up, but he not yet. However, I fancy nearly all the troops have arrived now. I had the carriage to myself nearly all the way down. Wet all day. Arriving at home, I found that Major Heath had got on all right in my absence. There were letters waiting for me.

CHAPTER IX

VICISSITUDES OF WAR

Visits to the Hospitals—The Corps of Stretcher-Bearers —A Successful Sortie from Ladysmith—A Confirmation at the Cathedral—The Reverse at Stormberg—Visit to the Camp Hospital—Reports of Magersfontein—Dutch and English Schoolgirls.

Maritzburg, Tuesday, Dec. 5.—All right this morning. Headache quite cleared away. I am still pretty slack in Maritzburg. None of the clergy trouble me with letters now. They have all so much else to think of. And travelling is no use—half the diocese under water, so to speak, and the other too preoccupied to be able to give their thoughts to Bishops or sermons.

I have been telegraphing to General Lyttelton and Gedge as to printing hymn papers which the former wants. It is nice when a General cares about these things for his men. Gedge has some printed somewhere, but he cannot get at them. He asks if I can go to

Estcourt next Sunday, but I am obliged to tell him I cannot, as I have a Confirmation in Maritzburg, for which I have been preparing the St. Anne's girls so long. In the afternoon I went up to the Camp Hospital to see the poor fellow who had his leg off a few days ago. The doctors were just dressing it, which is a bad time for him ; but they speak well of him and say that he is going to pull through, they hope. This is more than they thought a few days ago.

Wednesday, Dec. 6.—Another uninteresting day. Wrote letters all the morning, reorganizing the Diocesan Magazine for next year. In the afternoon I went to call on Mrs. Gunning and Mrs. Graham, and to see their Convalescent Home. Mrs. Davis, the wife of the proprietor of "The Witness," has given part of her house for the purpose. She is living in Durban. Mrs. Gunning is the widow of the Colonel of the first 60th Rifles who fell at Talana. Mrs. Graham is wife of Major Graham, a staff officer, late D.A.A.G. under General Symons. They have started this Home together for convalescent officers.

Thursday, Dec. 7.—Very hot. In the afternoon I visited the patients in the Legislative Building. I found one man of the Carbineers

is a brother of a young curate whom I met in East London last year. I promised him that I would look up his brother when I was in his neighbourhood. I little thought then that I should meet him as a wounded soldier in hospital.

Danks is still there. They will not let him go till his head needs no more dressing. When he goes I expect they will send him to Mrs. Gunning and Mrs. Graham. I had nice chats with several of them. The armoured train men seem on the whole to have got on well. They are mostly getting about again. There is one poor chap who was wounded at Elandslaagte who is still very bad, and it is about equal chances whether he lives or dies. He is shot through the lung. I hear that he himself once intended to take orders. His brother, he told me the other day, was one of the curates of the parish church of Leeds. In the evening I dined with the Johnstons, to meet Sir William MacCormac.

Saturday, Dec. 9.—At a moment's notice they have started the enrolment of a corps of stretcher-bearers, because it seems likely that the great battle may be fought at a distance from the railway, and therefore they may have to carry the wounded men a long way. So they have advertised for—I believe—2,400 men, and

there seems to be no difficulty in getting them. Seeing that already about a quarter of the adult English population of Natal is under arms, this is remarkable, but it shows what crowds of refugees we have. They are offered 5*s*. a day, and there is to be an officer to every twenty-four men, he getting 10*s*. a day. The whole is under Imperial officers. It is amusing to find the officers composed of all sorts of men who cannot otherwise get up to the front: for instance, men who came down wounded and now cannot rejoin their regiments in Ladysmith. The head of it all is Colonel Stuart Wortley of the 60th Rifles. A number of them were paraded in front of this house this morning. They are a mixed lot, some of them looking like well-to-do business men, and others a very rough set from the Transvaal. They will have, of course, to run certain risks in carrying men off the battlefield; but they seem eager to get taken on.

In the afternoon I went to the College Hospital, but found that nearly all the patients had been shipped off to Wynberg. They were cleaning out the big hall with a view to the expected large influx this week. There is something rather grim in making all these preparations for a great slaughter, when one thinks that the very men who are making all the plans

may be among those to benefit by them. There were still a certain number of men in the marquees outside, and I went round to them. At dinner-time Major Heath brought me more news than we have had all this week: news of a successful sortie in the night (December 8th) from Ladysmith, in which Natal Volunteers and Light Horse, under General Hunter, surprised the enemy and took two guns and a Maxim, bringing the Maxim away with them, and blowing the guns up with gun-cotton, as too big to bring. This is just the sort of work the Carbineers have been longing to do, and they will be very pleased with their success. I expect the knowledge that General Buller is now near makes General White more inclined to a bold policy. Hitherto he has been so awfully handicapped by having such vast supplies to guard.

Sunday, Dec. 10.—Celebrated at 8 at the Garrison Church. Mr. Leary from Mashonaland is taking the rest of the duty there to-day, as Mr. Thompson is gone to Nottingham Road for the day, as I did last Sunday. At 11 I attended the Garrison Church and read prayers. Leary preached. He was curate of Claremont before he went to Mashonaland and so was under Bishop Gibson. I lunched at 1 by my-

self, and at 3 went to the Cathedral for the confirmation. The heat was tremendous to-day, a hot wind, but I felt it less than those who had nothing to do but think how hot they were. There was a very full church, in spite of the heat, and there were 106 candidates.

It is always nicer and seems to give one heart, when one is addressing those one has helped to prepare. Then I came home to tea and spent a quiet evening, not going to church again. Major Heath has been obliged to work all Sunday, and even to go back to his office after dinner. He tells me there is bad news to-day, though it is not mentioned in the paper and will be kept quiet, I dare say, for a day or two. It is a reverse to Gatacre's column. It is serious enough to make them divert a regiment that was coming here—the Derbyshire—and send them to East London instead.

Monday, Dec. 11.—Another rather slack and unsatisfactory day. In the afternoon I visited the Camp Hospital and saw my friend Massey, who has had his leg off. He seems to be doing well, and I should hope is not in danger now of further mortification. He seems very grateful to Sir W. MacCormac, who not only saved his life by ordering the leg off at once, but also saved the upper part of his leg by

making them take it off below the knee instead of above, as other surgeons wanted to do. There is a little account of how he was rescued, in the paper to-day, which I thought he might like to send to his people, so I took it up for him, but I found he had it already. In another ward I visited some of the men of the West York and the Surrey Regiments, who were wounded at the fight on Willow Grange Hill. One of them, a Leeds man, was taken prisoner by the Boers after his wound. He says that nearly all their medicals were English or Scotch — several of them Edinburgh men. They treated him well, and sent him back after a couple of days. I suppose they did not want to be burdened with useless prisoners so far from their base. One young fellow of the West Surreys had a bullet extracted from his chest. He showed me the stitches right across his breast where he had been cut open, and also the bullet, of which he was very proud; he said he had been offered a lot of money for it. Another man had two bullets which had been taken out of him, one a Mauser bullet, which had been flattened either against a rock or against his bone, and the other a round bullet from a shrapnel shell. They all seemed pretty cheerful. There was one American who

had joined the Army Service Corps, and was down with malarial fever. It was a most terrible day for damp sweltering heat. We sat on the verandah after dinner, when it began to be tolerable.

Tuesday, Dec. 12.—A great relief to-day in the weather, cool this morning and almost cold this afternoon. I have had a letter from Gedge asking me to make arrangements in connection with General Wolfe Murray for the chaplaincy of all the troops on the line of communications, *i.e.*, Nottingham Road, Mooi River, Brinbella, Estcourt, and probably after a day or two Frere. So I went to the Brigade Office and made my proposal. In the afternoon I paid a visit to Tylor, the Leeds Clergy School man, in the Legislative Hospital. He is doing fairly well, but he still has a very high temperature at times, and I don't know what to think of his chances of pulling through. Then I directed all my circulars to the clergy. Major Heath brought me news at tea-time of another sortie at Ladysmith, this time by the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade under Colonel Metcalfe, which seems to have succeeded in capturing another gun. But they were attacked on their return march, and lost some, but must also have killed a good many Boers, as they got into them with

the bayonet. We are a bit uneasy about Lord Methuen's column, as beside persistent rumour of fighting from Boer sources we have no direct news from him, which looks suspicious.

Wednesday, Dec. 13.—This afternoon I thought I would take some real exercise, so I went on my bicycle to Wilgefontein. I have never been far along that road before. I found it rather pretty, and it is a lovely hill coming back to coast down, a long gradual slope with a road like concrete. I got thoroughly hot, which was what I wanted, and enjoyed a change and my tea. Major Heath has now got two ponies, so we may get a ride together some day; but he is so busy that he does not often get time. The news has come of the terrible battle at Modder River, but we wait to know if the second day (yesterday) was more decisive.

Thursday, Dec. 14.—The fight yesterday (or rather on the 11th) at Magersfontein seems to have been rather more effective than at first appeared. At all events, the enemy is said to have lost terribly and to have left the field. So I hope it may be set down to the side of profit and not loss. But, in order to turn the scale, everything now depends on General Buller's tactics round Ladysmith.

This morning there was a meeting of the

committee for distributing the Lord Mayor's Fund at Government House. In the afternoon I went to see the Commandant of Maritzburg about the electric light for the Garrison Church. I have got new plans from the architect to-day for the chancel and tower. I think they are an improvement on what we had before, and I hope we may get the appeal printed before long.

At 4 I went to give the prizes at St. Anne's. They were to have no function at all; so no outsiders were there, only the girls, the mistresses, and myself. However, we had a nice little talk, and said nice things about each other. It brings home the unpleasantness of this war when you see Dutch and English girls side by side in the same school. But I am glad to hear that it has not caused a feeling of bitterness between the girls. Of course some are gone. Some of the Transvaal parents sent for their girls at the beginning of the war; at least one did. Others have left them all through; while many of the English parents at a distance have taken their girls away because of the scare. In the evening I went to the Johnstons for a little while and met Major Bird there. He is still down here in consequence of a fall from his horse.

CHAPTER X

AGAIN AT THE FRONT

Start for Chieveley; Camp Kit—The Day after Colenso—Sad Duties—The Camp removed—Scarcity of Water—The Trail of the Boer—Breakfast under Difficulties—Burial of Lieutenant Roberts—Back to Maritzburg—The Foreign Attachés.

Maritzburg, Friday, Dec. 15.—At luncheon Major Heath brought word the big fight had begun and that there was a considerable slaughter going on. As I had kept myself free for this Sunday to go to the troops somewhere, I felt I ought to go to Chieveley, as there are only the three chaplains for the four brigades. I asked for a pass, as we are entirely under military rule and no one is allowed to travel up to the scene of war without a special permit. Having secured this from General Wolfe Murray, I found that there was an ambulance train going up in the evening, so I had not much time to make my preparations. Major Heath kindly lent me his camp-kit—a valise like a big hold-all, in which

one sleeps. It unrolls, and has a row of cork laths forming a mattress and a waterproof flap which comes over one if it is wet. I also took my Etna and a canvas bath and bucket. At 11 p.m. the train came up with no one in it but a doctor and several orderlies and ambulance men. They gave orders for the beds to be made up in the station, with a view to being quite ready next morning for the gruesome work. We had a long and tedious journey through the night with many pauses. Everything is disorganized. At one place we had to wait for a hospital train coming down with its sad freight.

Saturday, Dec. 16.—We reached Chieveley, where we were within a few miles of the wide-spreading British camp. The camp is in itself like a small town, and to find anyone in it is like "looking for a needle in a bundle of hay." The various brigades are at some distance from each other, and there are cavalry lines and hospital lines, and a dozen other branches of the service. As the train stopped Major Chichester came to the window of my carriage and kindly invited me to leave my kit and bicycle in his tent, while I went in search of the chaplain. Before reaching his tent, however, an officer came up to me and asked if I would conduct a funeral there and then. Lord Dun-

donald, who commands the Cavalry Brigade, was present, and he walked with me. All this brings home to one the sad and terrible aspect of war. The poor fellow was lying in an ambulance wagon, wrapped in his blanket, his boots exposed, the whole arrangements so hastily made, and yet already the burning heat had been doing its work with the poor body. With a firing party escorting the sad procession we marched up the hill to where the shallow grave had just been dug, and there I read the service. After the funeral the firing party went through certain movements, but did not fire, as of course it would be liable to be misunderstood by the enemy, who are within range of us on the hills which look so quiet and uninhabited over there across the Tugela. On my way back to Major Chichester's tent, Major Graham of the staff came up to me on horseback, and asked if I would take another funeral at 12.30 of seven poor fellows of the Natal Carbineers and Imperial Light Horse. . . . Of course I met many people whom I knew. I was glad to get a big tin pot of tea, for already I had a burning thirst and had had very little breakfast. The thirst is awful, and the worst of it is that water is almost as precious as gold here, as it all has to be brought by train or water-cart, or

dug from newly-made wells. If you have read Steevens's "With Kitchener to Khartoum" you will understand what he says about the desert thirst. I agreed with every word of it. . . . When the sun goes down life in camp begins to get tolerable, and we sat outside the tent smoking and enjoying the comparative cool.

But our rest was not for long, for a few minutes after Colonel Stuart Wortley came in to say that the orders were that the whole force was to shift in the middle of the night—two brigades going back to Frere, and the rest to a camp about a mile away from here—the object plainly being to move out of range of the Boer big guns. At present we are within their reach, and the armistice for the burial of the dead expires at midnight. This was annoying, just as one was contemplating a quiet night and a good sleep to make up for about twelve hours in the train, and my servant had brought me a bath ready for the morning. The very sound of the water was refreshing. I began to pack up all the kit which I had just unpacked and to roll up my bed. I emptied the bath with great anguish of heart! And then it occurred to me that this was a very thoughtless and heartless thing to do, when there were these hundreds of

stretcher-bearers outside longing for a drop. Fortunately I still had my canvas bucket full, so I took it out and said, "Do any of you fellows want a drink of water?" In a moment I was in the centre of a seething crowd trying to get a drink out of the bucket or to fill their mugs.

It was a sad sight to see the continual line of bearers with their stretchers laden with the poor wounded chaps. They had to carry them altogether about seven miles from the battle-field itself to the hospital at Chieveley station. . . . At the station I got hold of the station-master, and asked him if I could get a quiet corner anywhere to spread my bed. I was perfectly ready to sleep out on the veldt. However, he offered me a share of his room, which I accepted. The house was in a sad state of dirt and disorder. The Boers had been in possession of it a little while back, and had ruthlessly destroyed everything they could lay hands on in the most wanton and brutal manner. They had hacked down the marble mantelpiece and left the pieces in the grate, had broken his cupboards and windows, torn the locks off his drawers, and (most childish and wanton of all) had destroyed his cases of stuffed birds by pulling the heads off them all.

Sunday, Dec. 17.—After a hot and almost

sleepless night, I was not sorry to get up soon after 5, at which hour my station-master turned out. I wandered about the place to see if anything in the way of water was to be had for washing, and then discovered Sir W. MacCormac in the next room. We were both in flimsy costume, but I hailed him through the window, and he kindly came to my relief, sending his man with water, so that I managed a decent wash. Then I mounted my bicycle and rode towards camp, a mile from the station. It is a wonderful thing to see a camp of this size, covering two or three miles of country, completely moved in the course of a few hours. . . . We breakfasted at a small table in front of a tent, with very little shade from the more and more perpendicular sun. That is the worst feature, that one gets to dread the sun and to long for sunset again. "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land" is a very intelligible description of our greatest desideratum. We had sausages and bacon, but no bread—only biscuits which simply jeered at my teeth! Till they had been soaked in tea for a quarter of an hour they were as impregnable as the Colenso hills. There was butter, but it was a liquid yellow oil, which warned one off, and jam does not go well with tea-soaked biscuits! Then I

tried to get a scrap of shade behind the tent, and sat and read, and gazed on those silent hills which seem so remote from any human life, and which yet are full of life-destroying machines. There seemed no chance of any church parades. The men had had no night's rest, and were still busy getting straight in their new camp, and as soon as that was done would need sleep.

The first news was that poor young Roberts, the brave leader of one of the forlorn hopes to recover the guns on Friday, had died at 12 o'clock last night. The whole camp seemed to grieve for him, and for his father. I went to consult the principal medical officer about the funeral, and we arranged that it should be at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when other poor fellows who had succumbed to their wounds would be buried too. I bicycled back to the camp, which was now only a mile from the station, in order to tell Mr. Gedge about this arrangement. I met him riding over, and while he went on to the hospital, I went for breakfast to the camp. It was a strange Sunday. Church parades were out of the question, as the men had been up all night, and there was still much to be done to settle into the new quarters, and then the men needed rest. So I employed the time in going to seek out men whom I had been asked to look

out for in some of the regiments. I remembered the refrain of Rudyard Kipling's latest song as I passed from the son of a Hampstead omnibus driver, whom my sister had commended to me, to the tent of Prince Christian and of General Hildyard, to whose brigade both are attached. Then I went back to Chieveley to have a look round the hospital, and to see the entraining of another load of wounded men in the ambulance train for Maritzburg. At the station I was introduced to Mr. Treves, whom I was the more interested to meet, as last year I had been specially urged to visit him as an umpire, in my own case, between Dr. Bland Sutton and Sir William Broadbent. The medical officers were kind enough to give me some sandwiches for luncheon, and then later on came the sad ceremony at the grave-side. A large number of officers, including General Clery, General Hildyard, and Lord Dundonald, came to pay their last respects to Lord Roberts's son. The bearers were his Colonel (Colonel Buchanan Riddell), Colonel Stuart Wortley, Prince Christian, Major Bewick Copley, and two others. Mr. Gedge and I together read the service. The graves lie about 200 yards this side of Chieveley station, and within about 60 yards of the line on the east.

After the funeral we walked back together, and an officer of the Surrey Regiment told us of his marvellous escape. The clasp-knife hanging from his belt had been hit, and the blow had given him a nasty knock, but the knife had saved his life. He saw something bright at his feet, stooped down, and picked up the bullet. . . .

One cannot help thinking of the sinking of heart of those poor people in Ladysmith, who have been pounded with shot and shell for nearly two months, and who hoped that this Sunday was to see an end of their danger and anxiety—and now the end is still remote, and no one knows as yet how or when it is to come. . . .

Next morning, at 5 punctually, we were awakened by the sound of the big guns. I was sleeping on the floor of the station-master's sitting-room beneath the open window, and sitting up I could distinctly watch the flash of the gun, and see its column of smoke, and hear its roar. It seemed the more startling in the perfect stillness of the cloudless dawn, with the hills wrapped in a pink haze against a saffron sky.

Tuesday, Dec. 19.—Back in Maritzburg for the quarterly meeting of our Finance Board. We discussed the kind proposal of the Home Association to make a special appeal for a

"Clergy Distress Fund." There is no doubt there will be great distress, and so anything our friends at home can do will be most acceptable.

Wednesday, Dec. 20.—Ember Day Chapter meeting. Celebration of Holy Communion at 7. Meeting at 10.30. Both Archdeacons absent, Barker in Ladysmith and Hammick in bed. Several subjects had to be put off in consequence; but we got through some business, especially making arrangements for a considerable celebration of the Bi-centenary of the S.P.G. next year. In the evening I dined at Government House with the foreign attachés who are on their way to the front. It is always interesting to meet intelligent foreigners, but especially at this time, when we are all a little anxious that they should not lose their heads about this war, and should understand that we are not the land-grabbers and bullies which their papers represent us. I sat between the German and the Frenchman. I ventured to represent to the German that this was a remarkable result of our unique magnanimity in 1881. I told him I knew from my own experience in Germany that many of his countrymen did think we were dreadful hypocrites, who talked piously while we were emptying our neighbours' pockets; but that this was a pretty good proof

of what we suffered from really letting conscience work out our policy. He frankly admitted that personally he was in favour of a healthy selfishness. No wonder people who deliberately tell you that there is no place for magnanimity in politics, and that the only safe and rational policy is that of "healthy selfishness" (what constitutes the "healthiness" he did not explain), cannot understand that any talk about conscience can be other than cant. The Governor had the Russian on his right hand and the Italian on his left, and at each end were the Austrian and the American with Colonel Herbert, their conductor, and Colonel Hime, our Premier, and General Wolfe Murray and secretaries, and Brooke, the wounded A.D.C. It was a pleasant and interesting evening, though our defeat at the Tugela was an unpleasant recollection in the presence of these military critics. Major Heath came back to-night, but I have not yet heard much about his trip to New Hanover.

CHAPTER XI

DAILY DUTIES

Opening of St. Thomas's Church, Durban—The Volunteer Hospital; Privates of Colonial Corps—Sermon at the Garrison Church—Mr. Winston Churchill—Christmas Day; Sir C. Warren's Arrival—Mr. Escombe's Death—1900—Visits to the Hospitals; Experiences of the Wounded.

Durban, Thursday, Dec. 21 (St. Thomas's Day). —Went to Durban at 8.45 with Johnson for the opening of the new Church of St. Thomas this evening. Arrived at 1.30 and had luncheon at the club. Read the papers and then drove up with Mrs. Dale to the Berea. We called at the church, where they are working up to the very last moment to be ready. As a matter of fact the electric light was connected about 7.15 for the service at 7.30, which was running it as fine as they could. I preached to a crowded congregation, and there were a fair number of clergy present—Archdeacons Hammick and Temple (refugee from the Transvaal), Goodwin, Bromilow, W. Bibby, and Jones. I preached without the help of such glow as makes preach-

ing a pleasure, but all the same the serious nature of the times through which we are passing saves any service and sermon from being altogether dull and commonplace. I think they listened with a sense of reality in the words, which is something. They all knew that I had just come from the front and had been burying their own friends.

Maritzburg, Saturday, Dec. 23.—I went in to see the new batch of wounded men in the Volunteer Hospital. They were mostly doing well, all indeed. That is one comfort, that so many of these Mauser bullet wounds are very slight. It is curious what sort of people one finds among the privates in these irregular corps. There were five fellows sitting together on the bed of one of them—who had all been in one tent at the front—several of them gentlemen, and two or three of them old schoolfellows from St. Andrew's, Grahamstown, the diocesan school there. One of them was a great elephant hunter, and had come down from Portuguese territory to the Transvaal, not knowing that there was war. He had been promptly arrested and put over the border, and then had joined Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry. My friend Tylor, the man who had been at Magdalen and Leeds Clergy School, is getting on

well; so now I think we may hope he is going to live. I am to have a Celebration for them on Christmas morning.

Sunday, Dec. 24.—Holy Communion at the Garrison Church at 8. At 11 I had to institute and induct Mr. Gardner to St. Peter's. After the second lesson I went in front of the altar and invited the prayers of the congregation for him, and then he made his declarations and I read his licence, and then after more prayers the service proceeded. I preached on the strange Christmas we were having this year, and showed that the comings of Christ were to be progressive, and that this year He came to us not in the old way of our childhood with the holly and the ivy and the Christmas-tree, but from the battlefield and the big guns and the bloodshed and the desolated homes, showing us that all this was not strange to Him, but that it was through bloodshed that He bought us the peace which is the proclamation of the Herald Angels. I feel that everyone thinks more seriously just now: may the thoughts remain.

The Governor and Brooke were there. Afterwards H. E. stopped me in the churchyard and asked me to present Mr. Gardner, and invited me to luncheon to meet Mr. Winston Churchill, who arrived here last night after his es-

cape from Pretoria. I was glad to meet him after all I had heard in his praise from the wounded men. It seems there was one particular moment when the sentries happened to be in a position in which neither of them could see a particular angle of the wall, and that was his chance. But it did not occur again, and so two other officers, who were to have joined him, and for whom he waited an hour or more in Meyers's garden, did not get away. From the prison (which was the racecourse) he walked through the streets of Pretoria without disguise, and then got away by means of goods trains: sometimes walking, sometimes riding. He got on to them in the dark while in motion or in a siding, and waited till they went on. He was nine days on the road from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay. He will have grand material for a book, which ought to be as exciting as one of Anthony Hope's or Stanley Weyman's, with the additional advantage of being true. Captain Percy Scott of the "Terrible," the Commandant of Durban, was also at luncheon. I had not met him before.

Monday, Dec. 25, *Christmas Day.*—A strange Christmas, with half the place in the hands of the enemy and half the people either mourning lost ones or anxious as to those who are shut

up. I went down to the Legislative Building at 8, as Leary had arranged for a Celebration of Holy Communion. It was a doubtful experiment, as so few of these fellows are likely to be communicants. However, a fair number came, and of them about ten communicated, including two nurses. I gave a very short address at 11. I preached at St. Saviour's, Mr. Banks from the Transvaal acting as my chaplain. In the afternoon I went down to the Orphanage really to see a Miss Saunders, a new worker who has lately joined the Sisters. She was a "Grey Lady" from Blackheath, and was commended to me by the Bishop of Southwark. But I was glad I had gone down on this day, as the children were all having their Christmas-tree and entertainment, and toys were galore. It really seemed a little like Christmas, which it had not done before. Another English mail came in yesterday, so that we have had three within one week: this is annoying, as one gets into arrears with the papers, and then we have a long gap again before the next comes. This afternoon Sir Charles Warren is expected, and I am going up to meet him. . . .

He and a large staff arrived about 7. As there was some difficulty in finding quarters for all his staff, and as one of them, Major

Capper, is a great friend of Heath's, I asked him to come and stay here, which he was glad to do. I was sorry that we had no kind of Christmas dinner. However, he was glad to get a comfortable bedroom and night's rest, as they had been rattled about up to De Aar and back again to Cape Town, and then round here. It was a hot day, but a pleasant evening on the verandah, and we smoked and discussed the situation and all possible methods of circumventing these Boers. But all agree that we have got a very hard nut to crack to get at Ladysmith.

Tuesday, Dec. 26.—There is a great lull in all the excitement, and I don't think I shall have much to record for the next few days (I am now writing on Friday, and there has been little of moment all the week). The several forces—Buller's here, Gatacre's at Stormberg, and Lord Methuen's at Modder River—seem all lying on their oars till fresh reinforcements come. I have visited the hospitals once or twice. The young fellow who had his leg off is doing well, and I should hope all danger of mortification setting in above the amputation is now past. I gave a look in, too, to the officers who are in the cavalry mess. They are getting on well, though some of the wounds are rather bad.

Thursday, Dec. 28.—I sent a telegram of birthday wishes for my boy Tom, three years old to-day. Most startling was the news of Mr. Escombe's death. It seems he died quite suddenly of heart disease. He is a great loss to the Colony, one of the most able men we have. No one, I think, had any idea that he was at all delicate. He looked a very strong man, and one would have said that he had many years of life and work before him. I would have gone down to the funeral if I had known in time. I see that the Bishop of Pretoria buried him. The Bishop's son married Escombe's daughter. I have had a busy week, with a great deal to write for the Diocesan Magazine and Church News, and all the house-bills to pay.

Friday, Dec. 29.—I had a call this afternoon from Mr. Babington Smith, who came to me with an introduction from St. Clair Donaldson. He is in the Treasury, and is out here on Natal's financial business. I telegraphed to Prior this morning, to see how he is situated with regard to Sunday, as now that all Sir Charles Warren's Division is at Estcourt they need more help. But I have no reply from him, and, as I am engaged to give a "Straight Talk" to the Y.M.C.A., I am afraid it is now too late

to make any alteration for this week. So Prior must do the best he can, and if the troops are still there next week perhaps I shall go up.

Saturday, Dec. 30.—The usual round of Saturday letters and sermons. In the afternoon I bicycled out for a little exercise, and, overtaking Major Heath and Mr. Munro, his junior, on horseback, I accompanied them for some distance till the hill got too steep. And then it began to rain, so I scorched home, a thing which the Spectator said a Bishop should not do! The English mail, which was promised us by the newspapers yesterday, has not come.

Sunday, Dec. 31.—Mr. Thompson, the acting-chaplain, came in last night to say he was not well, and asking me to celebrate for him, which I did this morning. At 11 I went to St. Peter's, where the new incumbent, Mr. Gardner, was preaching. I was glad to have the opportunity of hearing him. In the afternoon I gave my "Straight Talk" at the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Bale, the Attorney-General, took the chair. It is exactly a year ago to-day since I gave the last, when Colonel Hay was presiding, only that was Jan. 1 instead of Dec. 31.

Monday, Jan. 1, 1900.—I can't think how people pass from 1800 to 1900 so calmly. They say it is only a number, and that one day is very

like another. I don't agree a bit. It seems to me a stupendous thing to have done for ever with the 1800s which we and our fathers and our grandfathers wrote, and to have begun that new and undiscovered tract of the 1900s. I went to early service at 7 at the Cathedral, and prayed for a new-century frame of mind. Then back to breakfast and a not very eventful day. The town seems quite deserted, everyone being out, I suppose, on picnics. It makes one feel a little bit of a humbug for people at home to be writing about the terrible distress and anxiety of Natal and all that we are suffering, when one looks out of window and sees brakes of holiday-makers starting out for a day in the country. All seems to have gone on just as if there were no Boers in Grobler's Kloof. At the same time I cannot help feeling there is something almost indecent in taking holiday and enjoying oneself, when there are so many who have just laid down their lives and so many more who are going to do so. In the afternoon I went to the College Hospital, which is full up again since Colenso. The majority of the wounded men are from the Irish Brigade. They had it hottest of all—the Connaught Rangers, the Dublin Fusiliers, the Irish Fusiliers. But there are plenty of the Devons and the Queen's (West

Surrey) and others, and several of the men of the ill-fated batteries which were taken, the 14th and the 66th. I took them up some papers which have been sent me from St. Luke's Mission. Then General Wolfe Murray came to tea with Heath, and they went for a ride.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.—Last evening, at last, we got the mail which the newspapers had promised us last Friday, and even then only the letters, not the papers. In the afternoon I visited the hospital again—the camp one this time. But the camp is full of hospitals, half the ordinary barrack rooms being turned into hospitals, so that one can only visit two or three wards at a time.

I had a nice lot of papers sent me from one of the bookshops here for the men, and I took a certain number up to-day. The wounds in some cases are very remarkable. There was one man hit in the side of the head, and the bullet is supposed to be there still, in his brain, as one would think, yet he seems happy. There was another who was hit just above the hip, and the bullet was found just under the skin above the breast-bone on the other side. He has the bullet, and he shows you the dark mark where the bullet was lodged in him. It must have been a spent one, or it

would have gone clean through. It is a wonder that it missed all vital organs. From all accounts the men behaved splendidly, marching as steadily through that awful fire-zone as on parade. Some of the men, I was told, were put under arrest for leaving the ranks, and the reason was that they would go and pick up bits of shell to keep, while shot and shell were raining on them—dear innocents! One of the wounded men yesterday told me that after he was hit in the leg a Boer came down and rode over him, the horse standing on his damaged leg and grazing the other. He did not blame the Boer, however, as "he thought he did not see him"! And then they came and took off all his clothes—boots and all—and left him in the blistering sun naked. They hurt him considerably in taking off his boot.

Wednesday, Jan. 3. — In the afternoon I visited the hospital again. There are now so many wards all over the place that it takes a long time to get round them all, and I have not done so yet. It is not very much one can do where the men are all so close together and there is no privacy. No wonder they are a bit shy of talking about any but ordinary affairs. I should be so myself. I took a lot of literature that has been sent me.

Thursday, Jan. 4. — Major Heath started directly after breakfast, by train, but taking his pony, too, to ride the rest of the way, the Greytown railway being open only as far as New Hanover. I had been planning a Sunday at Richmond, having nothing specially to keep me here. But a telegram came to-day from Gedge asking if I would help Hill this Sunday at Frere. That is not quite the front, as it is five or six miles from Chieveley. But it is pretty near. I have telegraphed to say I will, and have wired to put off the Richmond plan. I don't know whether the battle is very near. If it is I may perhaps stay for it. Mr. Hill telegraphs to say that General Lyttelton will entertain me, which is very kind, and saves me from troubling about how to get rations. I shall borrow Major Heath's camp-bed and other utensils. I hope to start on Saturday morning.

Friday, Jan. 5.—I was busy getting various things for my trip, and in case I should stay on I am taking a few more things than last time. This morning I have set Jeremiah to pick as many of our grapes as he can find ripe enough, with a view to taking them up to the hospital if there are enough. He has come in with quite a large basket full. Our vines are doing well this

year — a tremendous quantity of grapes, but very few are ripe yet. I am afraid when they are, they will be stolen by all the small boys of the neighbourhood, for they hang so close to the road as to be a sore temptation!

CHAPTER XII

AT THE FRONT WITH GENERAL BULLER

Start for Frere; the Camp—Boer Position—Signals from Ladysmith—Floods—Start for Springfield—A Night March—View from Spearman's Hill.

Frere Camp, Saturday, Jan. 6 (Epiphany).—Up early to pack. Started at 8.30 on my bicycle (baggage in rickshaw) for the station. Many men and officers travelling, train full. But at last they put on an extra carriage and I got a compartment to myself—though others got in for short distances at intermediate stations. Colonel Gallwey, P.M.O., and his second in command, Major Babtie, were in the train, and I travelled part of the way with them. At Nottingham Road there were a lot of soldiers and Volunteers on the platform, and I talked to Livingstone, one of the officers of the Natal Field Artillery. At Highlands we met the down train, and the guard told me (what proved to be true) that there was a great fight going on at Ladysmith—that he had counted eighty

guns in four minutes—that it had been raging from the middle of the night. At Estcourt we were stopped—had to change and stop for two hours. At length, after more long pauses, we reached Frere somewhere about 6. General Wolfe Murray had a message from General White—sent by heliograph—to say that the fight had been going on since 2.45. Enemy repulsed everywhere, but fighting still continued.

At Frere Mr. Hill, the chaplain, and Captain Yarde-Buller, A.D.C. to General Lyttelton, met me. Captain Buller had kindly brought me two pack-mules for kit and a pony to ride. But as I had my bicycle I did not need the latter, and as Hill also had one we bicycled together. The camp spreads everywhere, converting these silent hills and plains into a busy town. General Lyttelton and his three staff officers have their tents on a little kopje overlooking all the camp, and with their servants' tents behind. There are four bell-tents and a little square green tent, which the General tells me did service at the Church Congress in London, as our mess tent. Captain Buller has most kindly given up his tent to me, and gone in with Major Bailey (the Brigade Major); the other staff officer is Captain Wilson,

a very festive person. I had to push my bicycle up the stony kopje, and soon had my kit out by the help of the General's soldier servant, and was ready for dinner. No more news from Ladysmith yet.

Sunday, Jan. 7.—Up at 5; at 5.45 Holy Communion in the Durban Light Infantry mess tent, which they call the "Crystal Palace," so spacious is it for these times. There were twelve or fourteen communicants—all officers. Hill had another celebration for the other brigade (General Hart's) directly after. Then I had a cup of tea, and at 7 there was the church parade for this (the 4th) Brigade. Seeing that three out of the four battalions are English—the Rifle Brigade, the (3rd) 60th Rifles, the Durham Light Infantry—and the fourth (the Scottish Rifles) is Scotch, there is a very large attendance at the Church of England service. We rode to the hill on which the naval guns are, from which we could see the whole Boer position. We examined it carefully through glasses. There they were—the long line of hills and kopjes rising above the Tugela and towards the east on this side of it—Hlangwani—Fort Wylie just across the broken railway bridge—Grobler's Kloof—and all the unnamed points in the range. One could make

out lines of intrenchment, where the earth had been thrown up, but not the sign of a Boer. They keep wonderfully out of sight with these big guns pointing at them. And the marvel of the battle of Colenso was that there was not a sight or a sound of the Boers till our men were within 500 yards or less, and then the whole hillside for a mile or two was ablaze with rifle firing. It is difficult to describe the feeling as one sees these familiar hills transformed into battlefields of memorable interest.

Then we rode back, and Murray cantered up to the helio: station to see if there was any news come through as to yesterday's fight, while I rode slowly back to Lord Dundonald's camp. The heliographing is done from Ladysmith to one of the hills near Weenen and thence to Chieveley, as from the latter one cannot quite see the hills above Ladysmith. The news that came was not official; it was that the Manchesters and Devons had got into the Boers with the bayonet, and the two battalions of the 60th Rifles ditto. That the Boer losses were severe, ours slight. At 6 we had a voluntary service on this kopje. There were a good number present—100 or so, including General Lyttelton. It is always easier preaching to men who come voluntarily, because one can count on a certain

amount of interest and sympathy. And I daresay it requires a little courage to attend a voluntary service. Hill read the prayers, and we had several hymns. I preached from the second lesson: "When they saw the boldness of Peter . . . they marvelled and took knowledge," etc.

Monday, Jan. 8.—Colonel Byng told us that his men had been having a little chaff with the Boers through the heliograph. Our men asked them whether they preferred an assault, and whether they would rather have Cecil Rhodes or Winston Churchill as President, and begged them not to dig those trenches too deep or they would get through to England, etc., etc. Mr. Ruskin is right in "The Crown of Wild Olives": war is just a big exciting game with all these light-hearted young officers. After dinner the rain began, and it poured. It is very funny work being in a tent in a storm, which makes such a deafening clatter on the canvas all round, and where there are drops dripping all about the place. I put my waterproof over my bed to keep it dry, while I investigated as to the driest parts, and moved books, etc., out of range of the drops, and made all as snug and tight for the night as I could. It dripped less when the canvas was once well wetted,

and I slept excellently; and as it was still raining hard in the morning, there was less inducement to get up early. The man brought my tub at 5.30, but I stayed in bed till 7.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.—When I looked out, the camp of the Scottish Fusiliers just below us in the plain looked like a lake, and the 60th not much better. Poor chaps!—when one thinks of fifteen or sixteen privates in one tent with only a waterproof sheet and a blanket, one feels a very luxurious person with a tent all to oneself. But it is wonderful how little they seem to suffer. Exercise keeps them warm, though all their clothes are wet.

When I went down to the hospital I had almost to wade through small rivers, and constantly to splash through ground as wet as the sand-pools on the shore at low water. On my way back the little river here—the Blauwkrantz—was a sight. As I crossed before, the stepping-stones were quite covered and I had made use of the new Trestle Railway Bridge which the Engineers built to take the place of the iron bridge totally wrecked by the Boers. But on my way back the river had become a turbid flood, and two wagons were stuck in the middle, with the mules and oxen in a regular mess all down the middle of

the stream. Natives were loosening them and bringing them out one by one, and then were getting ropes fastened to the cart and the wagon. A soldier was sitting quite unconcerned in his big overcoat on the cart already half overturned, and I expected every minute to see him capsized into the flood, and unable to swim in his coat. However, I believe he got out safely. In the afternoon we went down to see the Engineers make a pontoon bridge across, as it was doubtful whether all the wagons could get through. It is difficult to picture the enormous activity and business of a camp like this—hundreds of wagons, thousands of oxen and mules with all their native drivers, hospitals (four camps of tents here), engineers, gunners, ordnance, supply pack (alone having hundreds of wagons drawn up in long lines along the hill), traction engines, and a dozen other departments, besides all the regiments. After the Royal Engineers had got four pontoons out, it seemed that the river was falling so fast that it was unnecessary to go on.

The orders have come. I am attached to the 5th Division, of which General Lyttelton's Brigade now forms part, and we are to start for a night march to Springfield on the Tugela

—the probable site of the next great battle—to-morrow night. We are to start at 6. It is seventeen miles, and they say it will take us nearly seventeen hours—so slowly does a column move. May we be saved from a pouring wet night!

Wednesday, Jan. 10. — Packed up all our effects at Frere for the night march. There is something almost uncanny in the way in which a populous city suddenly reverts to bare and solitary veldt. Yesterday, after the rain, the whole countryside was teeming with thousands ploughing through the mud, crossing and recrossing and swarming over the whole broad plain, and this evening we sat on our little hill looking down on the empty veldt, except for the long snake-like line of wagons, wagons, wagons, each with their eighteen oxen, and then ambulances, ammunition columns, engineers' carts, pontoon wagons, etc., etc. One cannot realize what an army in motion means until one sees it. The whole long day they have been passing. It was a lovely night when we started, with a bright moon a little past the half but still twilight. When we had reached the top of the hill where Sir Charles Warren had been dining on the veldt, there was a halt. The orderlies held our horses, and I chatted

with Sir C. Warren, and then with some of the men. The latter seemed rather surprised at my coming with them. Then at last the long train got in motion again and we were off in earnest. The General (Lyttelton) and his A.D.C. (Buller) and his Brigade Major (Wilson) and his D.A.A.G. (Bailey) and I, and then two local guides and a young signalling officer—Northey of the Durham Light Infantry—formed our party.

I watched the weather anxiously, for it had been raining in the Drakensberg on and off all the afternoon, and this time of the year thunderstorms are the rule rather than the exception. When it got quite dark we saw very frequent lightning to the west, and as it lit up the sky one could see a heavy rain-storm passing by us. The question was, would it reach us? For now I discovered we had parted with our baggage for an indefinite time, and we had only what was on the saddles to trust to for one night at least. It is an eerie thing marching in the dark or intermittent moonlight through a country where the enemy may appear at any moment. True, we had a whole brigade in front; but that would not prevent the mobile Boers from making a dash at our flank or sniping from the hills. Then the edge of the storm

THE DRAKENSBERG.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.

To face p. 146.

caught us. It came with a sudden blast of wind and a deluge of rain. It is impossible to keep one's knees and feet dry on horseback in spite of waterproof, and I was soon pretty wet. We had constant little stops, owing to wagons sticking, and the horses instinctively turned their backs to the storm. In a few minutes, what with the hundreds of wagons and the trampling of horses and men, the road was a sea of mud, and the moon being hidden it was dark. Imagine that great silent, rumbling, crawling line miles and miles long, ploughing slowly and laboriously through the mud. We had two drifts to cross, where there was much delay. At the second a temporary wooden bridge had been made for the men to cross, about 150 yards east of the road. We all rode over the grass amid the chaos of wagons (many of them General Hart's, now outspanned), and sat on our horses while the infantry battalions filed over, and then we rode back and through the ford. The mud on the steep slope of the opposite bank was churned up three feet deep in places, and the prospect of wagons getting through got less and less.

Soon after this second drift we reached the place (Pretorius Farm) where we were to bivouac till daylight. There was nothing to

distinguish it from the veldt around, the farm-house being a mile or two away. There is no knowing what you can do till you try. To be landed at midnight, after a wet and muddy ride, on a hillside of wet long grass, without other equipment than you have on, and to have to sleep (or lie awake) there for five hours of the coldest part of the night with things already wet through, would seem at ordinary times a thing simply impossible; but when you try you find it is not. However, they were indulgent to me. They got the General and me a stretcher each out of an ambulance wagon, and they had brought a waterproof sheet on a pack-pony (which fortunately I had asked them to requisition for me). The stretcher is canvas on two poles, lifted by a sort of castors just off the ground (about an inch). Imagine us now a black mass on the ground—an army laid flat—the 60th Rifles as a dark square mass below, and the Durham Light Infantry, a dark square mass above, with an aisle between of about eight yards; and just opposite this aisle, and about twenty yards from the regiments, our little company of five.

Our cook, Sergeant Cox, got some materials from our pack-pony, and set to work to make a fire and warm some soup. We had had nothing

since afternoon tea. It took some time to make the fire, and when the soup was heated it was so hot in metal mugs that one had another long wait. I was sleepy then and could have gone off comfortably; but by the time the soup was despatched I was wide awake again. However, at last I did get off to sleep, wrapped in a big waterproof sheet to keep myself warm like a wet compress; but I woke again very soon and was shivering. I knew that would not do. I was afraid of rheumatism or pneumonia; so I got up and walked up and down. The other fellows were snoring heavily close by, and I envied them. Twenty yards away was a sentry marching up and down, so I went up to him and asked him not to challenge me as I was walking to get warm. The grass was very wet, but wet does not matter if only you can keep warm. My walk was limited, as I did not want to go beyond my sentry and get into another one. But after an hour of pacing to and fro wrapped in my waterproof sheet I got up a glow. It was a lovely starlight night (the moon had set). It was strangely weird—a solitary figure pacing up and down beside those dense masses of sleeping men and praying for them. Then I lay down again, but could not sleep. I lay looking at the stars.

Before daylight, at the first gray streaks of dawn, the men began to move about. We had been told to be ready to start again any time after four, when Sir Charles Warren sent us word.

Thursday, Jan. 11.—It was a lovely morning, and except for having no sleep I was happy. The country beyond Pretorius Farm towards Springfield on the Little Tugela opened out and was fine, as the Drakensberg was full in view. We had a ten minutes' halt on a farm (not a house) called Kirk Plaats. Then on again: our long, snake-like train winding along before and behind. At last we reached Springfield Bridge (about eight or ten miles, I think). This spans the Little Tugela, and we don't quite know why the Boers did not blow it up. The conjecture is that the neighbourhood being mostly Dutch, they refrained in consideration of the convenience of the farmers. Originally we were only to march thus far; but news had come in that Lord Dundonald had gone right through to Potgieters—a hill overlooking the big Tugela—unopposed, and had taken the punt at the crossing. So it was left to General Lyttelton's discretion whether he should go straight on to support Lord Dundonald. Murray (A.D.C.) met us and told us where they

were, and at the bridge we found Graham with Irregular Cavalry and Colonel Burn Murdoch with his 1st Royal Dragoon Guards. The latter had gone on early to hold the bridge.

Lord Dundonald being all right, General Lyttelton decided to halt from 11 (when we arrived) till 4, and then to go on three miles more to a farm we could see where there was water, and bivouac there for the night, going on early next morning. The sun was now terrible, and there was no shade. We made a tiny screen by tying our waterproof sheets to stacked rifles—just enough shade to get our heads under. There presently we had luncheon. Oh! the joy of "Sparklets"! I have lately invested in them, but they all have them. They make aerated water in a moment by discharging a little bomb full of gas into a bottle of water. Then we lay down under our little awning and tried to sleep. A strange sight—close to the road—under this improvised tent, a General and a Bishop full length upon the ground. Such extremities does war reduce one to. Again I was jealous of my neighbours—the General and Bailey both snoring, while I could not lose myself, and my head was bad again. At last I walked across the burning plain to the river—full, muddy, and rushing. The very sound was cooling, and there

I found a woody little cliff with an overhanging rock, beneath which at last I had the shade I had longed for. How often now one feels the force of the Bible metaphor—"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." I lay down there all by myself (though Tommies were bathing all up and down the river)—another boon among these constant crowds—and I really did doze for a few minutes. But then I found it was past 4, at which time the column was to start, and I feared I should be left behind. When I got up the river bank I saw the column winding along the road. The General had gone. However, an orderly was there with my pony. And the column moves so slowly that there is no difficulty in overtaking it. I rode some way with a young gunner officer, and then cantered on to overtake my General. There was another bad drift which was blocking the way, and the infantry regiments were all sitting down, waiting for their turn to cross. At last I reached the farm (Beyer's), owned by a Dutchman, who, though no doubt friendly to the Boers, had remained at home and not joined them. As soon as the tent was cleared, I got to bed—my kind friend Sackville-West had given me his camp-bed and two blankets.

Friday, Jan. 12.—I had a good night, though

we had to be stirring again at 3.30, as breakfast was to be at 4 in my tent. I had not taken off much, so I was soon dressed, and begged a wash from another tent basin. Lord Gerard, A.D.C., was also very kind to me. We had tea and biscuits. Several of them had tinned fish, and we were in the saddle again at 5. We had not a long march before us, only about six miles; but it was lucky the enemy had fallen back across the Tugela, as we had to pass between hills from which they could have destroyed us. The country was improving in appearance as we got on. General Buller has taken up his quarters at a farmhouse belonging to another Pretorius, said to be a prisoner (?) with the Boers. I rode on from there alone to the top of the hill, as I was most anxious to get the view we were told of right over the Tugela and the Boer lines. The hill slopes up gradually on this side with occasional trees, and drops abruptly with thick bush-covered sides into the Tugela beyond.

I found Lord Dundonald's camp and Murray on the top, and they kindly offered me breakfast. General Lyttelton and Lord Dundonald breakfasted too; and then I wandered into the bush on the steep side of the hill overlooking the Tugela, where I smoked my pipe. It is a most

wonderful position. First of all, it is one of the most beautiful spots in Natal. This high hill, with its sides thickly covered with aloes, sugar-bush, and other semi-tropical plants, looks right down on the winding Tugela valley, and on to the high hills on the north side between here and Colenso (all held by the Boers). Then on all other sides it commands enormous landscapes —to the north you look down on a hazy plain (really hills and valleys) stretching right away beyond Ladysmith to the Indumeni above Dundee, standing out quite clear on the horizon, with Lombard's Kop and Umbulwana in the middle distance. To the west from north to south stretches the great range of the Drakensberg with the inaccessible peaks of the Mont aux Sources, and to the south the various ridges towards Estcourt and Maritzburg. It is an all-round view, with no interruption in any direction. Then, when Murray brought his telescope and explained the position, the interest grew more vivid and exciting. For there we could see (even through the telescope looking no bigger than ants) the Boers riding from the east to the west to occupy these new hills which we are threatening. I counted about 120 passing. Then, looking along the lower hills and kopjes which skirt the meandering

river on the north, one could make out long lines of intrenchments, and could see the Boers at work in them with pick and shovel. At Colenso we could see nothing, but here with a good glass one can see line after line of earthworks and watch the Boers shovelling out the earth, and making rifle-pits and gun emplacements, and see them riding to and fro and standing and sitting on hill-tops watching us. It is a unique position thus to be able to look across the valleys and see your enemy and all his works. The part they seem to be giving their chief attention to is the road leading up from the drift. It first passes through some small kopjes, then emerges into a perfectly smooth and slightly inclined plain. Then it winds up between some more kopjes into large plains above. Once these are reached the road lies open and more or less flat to Ladysmith. But it is a terrible position for us. The river in its windings hems us in on three sides, while on the fourth side are fortified hills, and between the drift and the hills open ground where rifles would sweep the board.

CHAPTER XIII

INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE

Spearman's Hill — "Misunderstood" — A Volunteer Gunner — View of the Boer Position — Heliographing — Science in Warfare—A Brigade Major's Quarters—Ballooning—A Deserter from the Enemy—Boers and Clothes —Khaki.

Spearman's Hill is a magnificent spot. Gently ascending from the south, one suddenly finds oneself at the edge of its crest, looking down on the plain of the Tugela some 800 feet immediately below; then, five miles away, a low range of kopjes; and beyond them a rolling plain extending amid broken hills for seventy miles to where in the north one can see Indumeni, the mountain at Dundee, round which General Yule retreated, and, more to the west, the long wall of the Drakensberg, with its quaint castle-like ramparts. The steep face of the hill towards the Tugela is covered with thick bush—not the usual bush of the mountain districts of Natal, the stink-wood, yellow-wood, and sneeze-wood, as the indigenous trees are not very

euphoniously called, but the bush of the hot river valleys—mimosa, with its tufts of yellow, sweet-smelling flower, now in full bloom, and aloe, with its spiky leaves and its flower like a red-hot poker. To know the joy of a tree and its shade one needs to have a few weeks of camp life in such places as Chieveley and Frere, where there is not a tree to relieve the awful glare of the sun, to ward off from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. what Browning calls "those sunbeams like swords," places in which one simply longs for sunset.

So the morning on which, after a memorable night march, we reached Spearman's, after breakfasting with Lord Dundonald, whose brigade had occupied the position the day before, I strolled with much delight down the bush-covered slopes to enjoy a pipe amid the welcome shade, and pass half an hour till a friend had had his breakfast and could fulfil his promise to point out to me all the features of the Boer position opposite us.

It was here that an amusing incident happened. When my pipe was done I returned from the bush and emerged from it over the crest of the hill just where a "Colt" gun was stationed. This was a new thing to me, and I was curious to examine it. I got into conversa-

tion with the young soldier who was evidently in charge of it, and while we were talking a sergeant came up. He took advantage of the first lull in the conversation to ask me if I could tell him who was the chaplain with this division. I told him the name, and then he asked me with great apparent interest where the gentleman had been last stationed. I said, "Well, I think it was Colchester — but why? — do you know him?" "No, sir, I can't say I do; but perhaps you could tell me the name of one of the other chaplains." Getting interested in this "anxious inquirer," who was so concerned to find a chaplain whom he knew, I told him what I could, but even so he did not seem satisfied. I felt that there was more behind, something on his mind. And then he said, "And might I ask your name, sir?" I told him I was the Bishop of Natal, and then he said, "Well, you must excuse me, sir, but we have to be very careful." And then at last it began to dawn on me that his great interest was hardly of a religious character, but that as I had appeared from the direction of the enemy, suddenly emerging from the bush leading up from the Tugela valley, and as I had shown a suspicious interest in his own Colt gun, which I doubt not was as the apple of his eye, he was not at all sure that I was not

a Boer spy who had come on the chance of applying a dose of gun-cotton to his pet gun. And I heard afterwards from the young officer with whom I had been in conversation that even after this the sergeant watched me uneasily till he saw me sit down at the table with Lord Dundonald, and then at last he thought he might shift the responsibility for so suspicious a person to the General of his brigade.

I say "the young officer," but that is not strictly correct, and here I may pause to give a "tip" to those numerous young gentlemen from all over the world who flock to South Africa just now with the one ambition of getting to the front and being taken on in some capacity as fighters. This particular young man belonged to that class, as I afterwards ascertained, and happening to come out in the ship which brought this Colt gun, he made a point of studying it and making friends with its guardians, so that when they landed he was somewhat of an expert in its use. On the strength of this he managed to get permission to accompany it to the front, and, being a good fellow (that is half the battle), he was taken on by Lord Dundonald. And in time his chance came. At a reconnaissance at Colenso he was working the gun when a Mauser bullet scratched him all down the back, another

made a hole in the sleeve of his coat, and a third went through his leg just above the ankle. Fortunately, none of the wounds were serious, but they were painful at the time, and as, in spite of this, he stuck to his gun, Lord Dundonald was so pleased with him that I hear he is likely to get a commission. It is no doubt a rare thing for a man who has no status, who has had no training, who is not even a private or a trooper, to become an officer, but there are no limits to the possibilities in war time, and "Fortune favours the brave."

After breakfast my friend (Murray of the Black Watch, Lord Dundonald's A.D.C.) took me to a point of the hill from which we could get a simply splendid view of the Boer positions. When you have been, as at Chieveley, in a position from which nothing can be seen of the enemy, it is distinctly refreshing to be on a hill from which he can be overlooked. With a good glass we could see all his devices. Beginning on our right, where the range of hills extending from Colenso (called Doornkop, I gather from the papers) falls to the plain, we could see large numbers of mounted Boers trekking in twos and threes westward, evidently having got news of our move, and coming to reinforce the trenches opposite us here. Then came a line of kopjes

about 200 feet high, which we learnt afterwards to call "Vaal Kranz"; then, with a slight break, Brakfontein, a hill slightly higher than the rest of the range, and standing a little forward, like the bastion of a fort; then the lowest point of the ridge over which the road passes from Potgieter's to Ladysmith; then the lower shoulders of Spion Kop; and then, quite on the extreme left, Spion Kop itself, with its three summits, the first a pointed one, the second two round hummocks. (In all the maps Spion Kop is marked about five miles too far to the west, and this has confused all the accounts of the fighting. Writers have tried, quite hopelessly, to rewrite the descriptions with the maps, and the result has been dire confusion. Spion Kop should be close to the bend of the river immediately west of Potgieter's Drift.) From Doornkop on our right to the southern slope of Spion Kop on our left was a circuit of half the horizon. The whole of this was well fortified: trench after trench the whole way round, and in many cases the trenches double or treble, and across the Ladysmith road an immense trench, extending from a donga on the one side to a donga on the other, about 200 yards or more in length. Here and there on the prominent points of the hills were gun emplacements—some of them,

indeed, obviously dummies to attract our artillery fire, but others looking more like business.

But another advantage of this position was the view it afforded towards Ladysmith. From time to time we could see shells burst which must have been fired by our friends in Ladysmith at the Boer guns on Lombard's Kop and Umbulwana. I felt sure we must be within heliographing range of some part of the Ladysmith defences. That same afternoon I was on the top of that part of Spearman's Hill which has been called Mount Alice; and though the signallers had been attempting to find Ladysmith all the morning and the afternoon before in vain, they still persevered, and I pointed out to them where I expected to get a reply. All at once, while I was talking with them, a flash appeared, but a good deal further west than the spot I had indicated. I felt sceptical about it. Often before now we have got into communication with the Boers instead of our own people. So we proceeded to put test questions to the signallers at the other end. We asked who was the signalling officer. The answer came back, "Captain Walker." That was right, but Mr. Bennet Burleigh, who came up at that moment, was still more sure than I had been that the flash was too much to the west to be our own

people. He was still not satisfied, and thought the Boers might quite well know the name of Captain Walker. So we asked next, "By what ship did you travel with Mr. Bennet Burleigh?" and the answer came back at once, "By the Grantully Castle, when you were on your way to Madagascar." That settled the point beyond all dispute, to our great delight. We had a long and informal chat with our friends at the other helio. They asked us if we could hear the bombarding, as they were at that moment under shrapnel fire, and we must not therefore be surprised if they knocked off work suddenly at any moment. Curiously enough, we could not hear a sound. They were intensely eager to hear all about our movements, and where we were signalling from, and what the hopes of a speedy relief were. We answered as much as we dared. But, of course, we could not be sure whether any Boers on the line of the flash were reading our messages, so we had to leave the most interesting bits of news to be sent later by a cipher message. Meanwhile, as no official messages were going through for the time, I was able to take advantage of the helio to send several private messages through to friends in Ladysmith. I was able to tell one man that his wife and family had landed safe in England.

To another I mentioned the fact that we were very badly off in a building operation for want of £1,000 which he had, along with others, made himself responsible for. Curiously enough, I got no answer to this. Perhaps he thought that to be shelled daily, and fed on bully-beef for three months, was public spirit enough without being asked for £1,000; or perhaps he did not get the message, for I heard soon after that he was down with fever, poor man.

The application of science to modern warfare is certainly one of the most interesting parts of the campaign; and your respect for the grimy-looking gentlemen in khaki enormously increases when you find that, so far from being a mere "absent-minded beggar," one is an expert in signalling, and another is a telegraphist, and another accomplished in the knowledge and practice of ballooning. However fast a column advances, the telegraph wire is still well to the front. Just outside my tent was a two-wheeled cart. On it was a big roller from which the wire had been unrolled as we proceeded. It is dropped along the veldt quite casually, but there are no accidents. Your horse trips in it sometimes, but neither he nor the wire is any the worse. And then follow the Royal Engineers with poles, and very soon the line is quite an

orthodox affair properly mounted on black and white poles like a barber's sign. Meanwhile on the same telegraph cart at the end of the wire there is a small machine which keeps buzzing its all-important messages in a pertinacious and garrulous way. And at night the telegraph clerk sleeps with this instrument to his ears. But he must be an expert in sleeping too, to be able to get any rest under such circumstances, with this still small voice like an uneasy conscience uttering its insistent message.

For real repose I do not recommend inquirers to share the tent of a Brigade-Major, as I did for a week or two. He may be the most charming of men, as he was in this case, but as he is the General's ear (as an Archdeacon is a Bishop's eye) his nights are apt to be disturbed. You have at last just got off to sleep after waking suddenly several times with a start to ascertain whether rifle firing is going on, which you discover on investigation to be the flapping of a tent-rope or the dropping of rain upon the canvas. Just as the delicious unconsciousness is stealing over you, a hoarse whisper is heard outside, and as the Brigade-Major is a heavy sleeper, you have to reply to it; and then in comes a sergeant to tell him that No. 2 Picket reports that a number of Boers are moving

eastward along the other bank of the river. An exciting whispered conversation takes place, which wakes you more effectively than a loud voice would have done. Then there is silence again when the necessary orders have been given, and once more you are trying to attain the joy of somnolence when another hoarse whisper makes you start up, and another messenger comes in with a telegram and a match has to be found and struck, and the message read and the answer decided on, and you have not the strength of mind to avoid a little talk on the new light it throws on the situation, and the possible moves that will be involved, and the question why General A. did not do this, and what in the name of fortune General B. was up to when he allowed the doing of that. And then, you and the Brigade-Major having quite satisfied yourselves how splendidly you would have managed the whole campaign and how it is all as plain as a pike-staff, you remonstrate with each other for doing so little sleep, and silence falls again upon the canvas walls just as they are beginning to become slightly luminous with the first rays of the dawn; and an hour later, even if the exigencies of the campaign have not aroused you, the flies will wake up, and sleep for another day will become impossible.

But after all, even with a Brigade-Major in it, a tent is a wonderful luxury, as you discover when you have had a night or two in the open, especially if the weather turns wet. That such a thing as attempting to sleep at all under such conditions is possible is a new and startling discovery. Ordinarily one would as soon have thought of trying it as one would of removing the roof of one's bedroom, and adjusting the garden hose so as to play upon one's counterpane. But you really do not know what you can do till you try, and I have not the slightest doubt that if it were absolutely necessary one would come to think even the garden hose did not greatly matter and could easily be dodged by a fertile brain and a Mark Tapley disposition.

But I have wandered far from my subject, which was the application of science to war in the matter of telegraphs and heliographs and balloons. The last-named has a peculiar fascination about it for the looker-on. I am told that its joys are diluted for the balloonist. First of all he may be the most seasoned old salt who ever scoffed at the horrors of the British Channel, but if there is any wind he will infallibly be sea-sick in the balloon. They say the motion is truly awful, as the captive balloon sways and swings and tosses and heaves.

Then you have to add to this initial discomfort the fact that you have to make observations of small objects at a distance of 2,000 to 10,000 yards, and in order to do this you need to get a firm rest for your telescope or field-glasses. Then you have to try to make memoranda on a map or elsewhere as to the enemy's position and trenches, and then further to try and keep up a polite conversation through a telephone with the world below—a world which is apt to be impatient for the news which you are assumed to possess in abundance from the upper regions. Add to this one more trifling inconvenience in the shape of the possibility of a bullet from the enemy, and you have the leading outlines of the balloonist's materials for happiness. It is not altogether wonderful if in this imperfect world tempers are sometimes ruffled under the unusual strain. Either the man above is sick and sorry, and feels a little chafed at the apparent want of sympathy from his impatient friend at the other end of the telephone; or the terrestrial friend, considering "such ire in celestial minds" unjustifiable, or such sickness inconvenient, fails in consideration for his colleague above.

I heard of such a quarrel one day, but without betraying secrets the situation lends

itself to dramatic treatment. Presuppose a little preliminary friction between the terrestrial and the celestial telephonist and such conditions as I have described, and you can imagine some such conversation as this passing up and down the wire: "Why don't you tell us where the Boers are?" "Why don't you move the cart to the east? I can't see over this hill, and I am getting horribly sea-sick." "If you are sea-sick, why don't you go to the leeward of the balloon instead of leaning over this way? or better still, why don't you come down and let me go up?" "You're a . . . and I'll tell you what when I come down." "If you say that again, I will cut the wire and let you go to Pretoria (various expletives from above). Look here, I'm off; I've had enough of this." Voice from above excitedly: "I say, are you there?" Voice from below: "No, I'm not, and I am not going to be till you apologize." Voice from above: "Here, I say, lower away; these beggars have just hit me in the head with a Mauser bullet." Voice from below: "No, have they? I'm most awfully sorry, old chap; you've done splendidly and are a gallant fellow." (Ends in mutual congratulations and admiration.)

It will of course be understood that this little drama is entirely fiction; but it struck me

as such a funny situation, a quarrel through a telephone between a man in the clouds and the man holding on to him below, that I was moved to draw upon my imagination. But the last episode is founded on fact, as one day our balloonist did actually get within rifle range of the Boer lines, and not only was the balloon hit, causing some loss of gas, but also the intrepid balloonist was grazed on the skull by a Mauser bullet. Bullet holes have very little effect on the balloon, and, curiously enough, for the very same reason that makes so many Mauser bullet wounds through vital organs so little harmful. The bullet is so small and makes so clean a puncture, that the skin closes down again like a valve and preserves the wound-channel from contact with the air.

One day a deserter came in from the enemy's camp—a Cape boy. He had been originally a tram driver in Durban, and had been in the Transvaal at work on a railway contract, and then had been commandeered by the Boers on the outbreak of war. He had never been a willing partisan, but when they made him work night and day in the trenches, his unwillingness took a more active form, and he seized the first opportunity of escaping and making his way to our lines. We cross-examined him

at some length as to the Boer positions and plans. He told us there was a gun mounted on the shoulder of Spion Kop pointing right at us where we were then standing (which was cheering news), but that the Boers were afraid to disclose it for fear of having it put out of action by our big naval guns, and were keeping it in reserve for the time when we should attack. He knew a certain amount of English, and was evidently proud of his command of idiomatic and conversational language; and when General Lyttelton asked him how the Boers had treated him he answered quite naïvely and respectfully, evidently proud of his knowledge of how to speak to a General, "I had a couple of quid in my pocket and they took them away from me: in fact they took all my bloody things." It is a curious illustration of the way in which the English language is being taught to the subject-races of the Empire, especially when one thinks of the history of the word and remembers that it is a corruption of "By our Lady."

There was no need to testify "by our lady" that the Boers had taken all his things, for it is quite a common experience. The other day, near Colenso, a number of the South African Light Horse rather rashly went down to the

Tugela to bathe, where the river was really in the possession of the enemy. While they were in the water a party of Boers stole round and got their clothes. They appeared to care less for prisoners than for boots and trousers; and the South African Light Horse had to return to Chieveley an exceptionally "Light Brigade."

Talking of clothes reminds me of what I heard of a Boer prisoner in Maritzburg the other day. He was wounded in the leg, and the doctor had to remove his trousers to dress the wound, and gave him instead a sleeping suit. He was very indignant, and said he had never slept without his trousers in his life. Even when they wear their own clothes the Boers are now difficult to distinguish from our own men, for not only are their slouch hats very like those adopted by our Volunteers and irregulars (and now I see, too, by the English Volunteers and irregulars), but also there is a general epidemic of khaki, the contagion of which has spread not only to their side but to the natives. My small Kaffir house-boy appears now on Sundays in a complete suit of khaki, brass buttons and all. And they say that even the horses are trying to follow suit. Whether the effort is conscious or involuntary

there is no doubt about the fact that most of the Artillery and London omnibus horses are perceptibly changing colour under the influence of the South African sun. I have noticed that nearly all the bay horses have taken on a sort of yellowish tinge, and long ago all our wagons and gun-carriages, and even our scabbards, assumed the protection of the khaki tint, which is the nearest shade attainable to the prevailing tone of the veldt. It is curious to see the principle of mimicry, which plays so large a part in the defensive tactics of nature, thus consciously adopted by man. The other day I was sitting on a rock which was partly covered by a white lichen. I saw a small round lump of what appeared to be the same, but while I watched it it began to move, and on closer inspection it turned out to be a small insect—a beetle of a sort, covered with a tuft of something so exactly like the lichen, that in rest it was impossible to distinguish it. And the well-known stick insects which abound here are so absurdly like sticks, that identification is impossible until they move.

I have gathered together a few incidents on what may be called the lighter side of the war. And it is lucky that that side is so much in evidence at the front ; the gaiety, the fun, the chaff,

the good stories that one hears among officers and men do a great deal to mitigate the hardships and to relieve the strain. And humour is born of kindliness and good fellowship, and the presence of it among all ranks is only one more of the many indications that even in the horrors of war there are compensations; and looking back one feels that one has at such times seen human nature, if not at its best, yet certainly very far from its worst. The brightness, the gaiety, which mercifully are so prevalent, are indications of hearts at ease; of consciences heightened by a sense of duty nobly done; of sacrifice gladly borne, of generous consideration for others, of a life which for the time at least is lifted to a higher level by the great calls made on it, and by the high ideals, always present, though never paraded, of patriotism, of heroism, and of self-surrender.

ON THE TUGELA.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XIV

CROSSING THE TUGELA

Boers at Work—The Naval Guns—Zwartzkop—A forward Move—The Tugela crossed—Watching the Shell-fire—Howitzers—A feigned Attack.

Spearman's Hill, Saturday, Jan. 13.—After half an hour's preparation of sermon, with a pipe under the trees on the hill, I went up to the ridge and had a good long investigation of all the Boer positions through the signaller's telescope. It is such a unique and marvellously interesting place to be in on this high hill with its immense panorama, that one never tires of looking all round through the telescope. The troops are not allowed to show themselves on the skyline, except the pickets; but as nearly all go on picket in turn, I suppose they all get a look at the Boer lines. Our camp being in the hollow of the hill, away from the enemy, they can't see our little town here. I think I can make out Enhlonhlweni through the telescope, but I am not sure. The

Boers are very busy at their trenches; one can see them working in parties of twenty or more, making lines and lines of rifle pits and gun embrasures. In the afternoon we had a choir practice under the trees, and then I went to tea with the 60th Rifles, with Hill.

Sunday, Jan. 14.—Holy Communion at 5.45, in our little mess-tent. Only a few officers. Then after a cup of tea, church parade at 7. As we are two chaplains, we agreed to take two battalions each, so that all could hear. I had the 60th Rifles and the Scottish Rifles, and the Navals, and a few odds and ends; and Hill had the Rifle Brigade and the Durham Light Infantry. General Buller and some of his staff and General Lyttelton came to my service, and it was a charming spot with a little crescent of rocky hill, so that the men were in tiers above me, and during the sermon they could sit on the rocks. I preached from the second lesson, "Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead," and showed them that a chaplain was not simply to console the dying and to bury the dead. After service I took my books and went up the hill. The two big naval guns have been brought up here from Chieveley (the Boers don't know it yet, but they soon will). It is odd that the most useful guns were only improvised on the spur of the

moment. Captain Scott, of the "Terrible," designed and made the huge carriages to move these ship-guns on, and now they can take them with spans of oxen quite long journeys and up steep hills. They are enormous things, with great long muzzles.

I asked the naval sentry to let me look through their big telescope. I could see the Boers at 8,000 yards, quite plainly—could see which had blue shirt sleeves and which had white—as they worked in the trenches. But only a few were working to-day; a fair number were sitting on the top of Spion Kop, looking at us. But the two guns are just enough below the ridge to be out of sight. Then I went over the ridge and down into the bush, on the other side, where there was more shade. I got a very comfortable seat under a tree. If the Boers had taken a shot at our naval guns I should have been too near to be pleasant; but this was not likely, especially on a Sunday. While I sat and read a partridge came out of the long grass to within three yards of my foot. Back to write and read, and then lunch and some English papers. But nothing for me. I have not had a letter or a paper since I left Maritzburg, last Friday week. It is awful to think what I may be neglecting. At 6 we had a

voluntary service as last week. Hill read, and I preached from the first lesson, "I dwell with him that is of a humble and contrite heart" ("Lest we forget").

Monday, Jan. 15.—English letters for next Saturday's mail had to be despatched this morning! You would think we were in the remote parts of the Transvaal, instead of being little more than twenty-five miles from the railway at Frere. But I suppose with the roads blocked by transport, and the stoppages at the different camps *en route*, they have to take time by the forelock.

Colonel Byng of the South African Light Infantry went out with two guns of the artillery, with a view to catching Boers on the road between Colenso and this; we heard later on that though he did not succeed in intercepting wagons, etc., he arrived in the nick of time to extricate a patrol of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry from a perilous position. . . .

Meanwhile General Lyttelton and his staff made an expedition to the two hills called Zwartzkop, and I went with them. We started about 11, with two guides. We had to ride round the top of the ridge before descending into the intervening valley, then crossed the plain and began the ascent of the opposite hill. It is lovely country. The hills are covered

with thick brush, of semi-tropical character, to be found on our own river valleys as distinguished from the higher hillsides.

About halfway up we left our horses with the orderlies, and climbed the rest, which was steep, on foot. Then we took elaborate surveys of the position as it appeared from there. First to the east, towards the part of the river where Byng was on the look out for the Boers. Of course we could not see him, as he would keep under cover, and might be a good way off. At that part the hills come nearer to the river, and are steep, so that the road is forced nearer to the bank. There is a drift there, with a road leading to it; it is just possible that we might make an attempt there. Then we looked out to the north, and searched the hills for Boer intrenchments with glasses. There is less need of them there, however, for on the right the hills are steep and rocky. Then we looked towards the hills to the north-west, where the road from Potgieter's Drift crosses the hills, to see if the guns on the hills commanded the back of some small kopjes just across the river; seeing them in profile here, we could judge better than from our camp. A spice of excitement was added here, as we saw just below us, at the foot of the hill, on our side of the river, a lot of

cattle herded together, with some ponies, and our guides said that these must be Boers; and if they were, they might have a try to cut off our return to camp. However, we saw nothing of them when we descended the hill. We called at the Kaffir kraal at the foot and bought some chickens, and then returned by another road. Colonel Byng was to have come to dinner, but had not returned from his expedition.

Tuesday, Jan. 16.—I went up the hill after breakfast; when I came back to lunch I found the camp in a stir. At last the orders had come to move, and the plan of campaign was declared, and General Lyttelton explained it to me. Our brigade is to move off about 2.30 to the river, and two battalions are to cross Potgieter's Drift to-night, and the rest to-morrow. To-morrow our big guns will open on the Boers, and we shall make a big demonstration. Meanwhile Sir Charles Warren, with his other brigade (General Woodgate's), and with General Clery's Division (consisting of General Hildyard's and General Hart's Brigades), is to move away to a point five or six miles higher up the river, cross there, and approach the flank of the Boer position up the slopes of Spion Kop. The hope is that the Boers will not be able to spare men enough from here (beside Colenso and

Ladysmith) to offer effective opposition to Sir Charles Warren, or if they do, then we may get through their defences here. General Lyttelton called the colonels of his battalions together and explained the plan to them.

I ventured to suggest to the General that it would be very nice if each battalion before going into action could have a short prayer, and he quite approved. So I arranged that Hill should undertake this office for the 60th Rifles, and the Scotch Scripture reader for the Scottish Rifles, and that I should do it for the Rifle Brigade and the Durham Light Infantry. So when the camps were all struck, and the tents and baggage packed on wagons, and the men had fallen in, I explained to them that some of the men had remarked that the Boers asked God's blessing before going into action, and we did not; so I had asked the General's permission to say a prayer. I said a collect, an extempore prayer for all the special needs, the Lord's Prayer, and the Blessing. Then the word of command was given, and they marched off. It was arranged that our little camps should be left standing to-night, and that I should dine at the hospital with the doctors, and then it would depend on the army's progress where we should be to-morrow.

As soon as the regiments had marched off for the drift (which they had to do by making a wide circuit of the hill), I went up the hill to watch the movement of the troops and to see if I could notice any stir among the Boers as they noted our march. A big storm came over, and I got wet; but I did not care, as I was moving about. Just in the middle of this I noticed a long line of dust down the road from the Boer position to the smaller kopjes which we are about to occupy. I ran up to the signalling station to make sure by other eyes whether it were so, intending if it were to send a message to General Lyttelton, as he had just told the colonels that he felt morally sure these small kopjes were not occupied by the enemy, and it might save life if he knew they were. However, on further investigation (though it was hard to see through the rain), we felt sure that the dust was merely the result of the strong storm-wind. Then we watched the advance of the troops down the winding hill through the beautiful bush-covered hills; then out into the open grass-land at the base in extended line, cautiously to the river, not knowing whether the enemy were lying hidden in the river bed.

None appeared, and a little later on I watched the first man—a young officer called Talbot—

cross the drift. The water was up to his chest, but he waded successfully, and I shouted to Major Chichester, who was near, that the passage of the obstructive Tugela was begun. Then whole lines of men plunged in, holding each other's hands and making a snake-like line. The river is nearly 100 yards wide. They found later that a few yards lower the drift was shallower. Then the punt came into action too; it is a big barge, made to carry a wagon and oxen, and it took fifty or sixty men across at a time. Mentioning Talbot, I forgot to say that, just before I said the parting prayer with the Rifle Brigade, another young Talbot introduced himself to me. He is the son of the Bishop of Rochester, and nephew of General Lyttelton. I remember him in 1891 carrying the Archbishop's train at Leeds, and now he is 6 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. I hope he won't get shot, but he makes a good target. Two battalions were to cross to-night, the Rifle Brigade and the Scottish Rifles, and intrench themselves on the small kopjes about a mile from the ford. As soon as it was dark, 7.30, the Howitzer Battery was to cross. I watched them as long as I could, and then went down to dine with the doctors. Having put on dry clothes, I walked across to the hospital tents.

But I found that Major Goggin had followed the force, and left only a young subaltern. However, he kindly gave me some food with two other forlorn people, Lord Robert Manners, in charge of the stretcher-bearers till he can get to his regiment the (1st) 60th Rifles, in Ladysmith, and another young officer at the same job, waiting to join the 5th Lancers. Then I went back to my solitary camp, though most of the servants and grooms are still there—the cook, Sergeant Cox, alone having accompanied the General.

Wednesday, Jan. 17.—I was up by 5, and before I was dressed the solemn boom of the first big naval gun on the hill announced that operations had begun. I went straight up the hill with a telescope I had borrowed from the signallers. It is a stupendous sight. Here we are on a high mountain with the country stretching boundlessly at our feet, and the Boer position 10,000 yards away (nearly six miles): and yet these huge naval guns plunge a shell with a thundering roar and a whirling rush across the chasm, and after seconds of waiting one sees the column of smoke of the bursting shell often right on the very point (intrenchment or gun emplacement) which had been aimed at. Thunder

hardly describes the roar, and the furious rush of the invisible shell has its own special horror. It would be monotonous to describe all the points into which these shells were dropped. We watched each with the telescope, and so far (Friday, 19th) the Boers have not replied at all. I found some of the newspaper correspondents on the hill, and among them Mr. Goldman; he kindly offered me breakfast on the hill, so I picnicked with them. I stayed up all the morning. There was quite a crowd on the brow of the hill, which was a little risky if the Boers did turn out to have one of their big guns mounted. It is rarely we see more than two or three Boers, and then only for a minute, as they pop out of their intrenchments and in again, whereas I suppose we had a target of 100 men for them to aim at. I came down to look for some luncheon about 1. There is nothing to be got in our own camp, but there is a canteen tent in camp.

When I came down I found to my dismay that the whole of our brigade staff camp was clean gone. I had left all my things loose in my tent, not having the least idea that the camp was to go till some advance was made. I was hungry and hot, and it was not a pleasant discovery; but there was nothing for

it but to follow on foot. So I started to tramp, and I remembered that my friends of the Somerset Light Infantry were camped on the road, so I hoped I might get a lunch out of them. After walking about a mile and a half I came to them; they had just finished luncheon, but they were good enough to produce a tin of army rations (stew and vegetable), which they warmed up in about fifteen minutes. With this and a pipe I was a new man. Then I started again, and in about a mile I came on our wagon outspanned; I recognized it by the things on it. From the men I found that the General and staff were close by on a little plateau halfway up between the high hill and the river bed. On this plateau are eight long-range naval 12-pounder guns. The two large ones on the hill are 4·7 inch, with immense long barrels. Our party had pitched two tents, one for the General and one for a mess-tent, though last night they all slept in the open. Captain Yarde-Buller kindly gave orders for another tent to be fetched from the wagon and pitched for me. Captain Wilson and I share it.

Sir Charles Warren can only move slowly, and will perhaps have to work very gradually round the west of the Boers, so that our actions here are not hurried. The guns continued to thunder,

and the Boers continued to lie low. In addition to the two 4·7 inch guns and the eight 12-pounders there is a battery of howitzers, which has already crossed the river and got its guns into position behind the small kopjes. These are specially diabolic, as they can take up a position behind a hill and throw their shells at a high trajectory, where they like, without being seen; and then they fire lyddite, which makes a terrific explosion, and is said to kill everything within a radius of thirty yards. I believe one of these threw a man bodily into the air. I was watching with a telescope, and I think I saw it; still, one cannot be sure that in this wide area we often come within thirty yards of anyone. Tea and dinner were quiet and comfortable, in spite of the neighbourhood of guns and enemy.

Thursday, Jan. 18.—The banging and the blazing continue. A plan of action for to-day has been concerted. It is this afternoon to make a big demonstration here just before dusk, to make the Boers think we are going to attack in the night, and so prevent them from going off to oppose Sir Charles Warren. After luncheon, I climbed the big gun hill through all the beautiful aloes and mimosa with its yellow balls of flower and fragrant smell. I put up three hares at different times—I have not seen

so many in Natal before. At 4 o'clock a terrific cannonade began from all the guns and howitzers, and the Boer hillside, with its trenches and rifle-pits and gun emplacements, was spotted all over with the white puffs and columns of smoke from the bursting shells. At the same time the infantry began to advance in extended order—about five yards between each man—all across the plain from the little kopjes. They advanced and lay down, and the shells screamed over their heads. But the hill opposite might have been in the primeval desert; there was hardly a sign of life and not a single shot fired. But for the experience of Colenso one could well imagine a General thinking that there were no Boers there, and that he was quite safe to attack. But we know too well that those trenches are full, and that if we got to 300 yards or so, a volley would be poured in which would kill hundreds. The reconnaissance had little effect as far as drawing fire or revealing the enemy's position, but we hope it brought in some who might otherwise have been opposing Sir Charles Warren. I came down again before dark. The balloon made two ascents yesterday and was floating about 1,200 feet above the plain all through the sham fight. . . .

CHAPTER XV

THE FIGHTING ROUND SPION KOP

Sir C. Warren's Movement—A Pompom—Alone in Camp—Death of Colonel Hensley—The Camp Hospital—Colonel Bethune's Mounted Infantry—Return to the Camp Hospital—With Ambulance Convoy to Frere—To Maritzburg.

[*Near Venters Spruit*], *Saturday, Jan.* 20.—The fighting is continuous, but the real battle is on the other side of the hill, where Sir Charles Warren is swinging his line round. His right wing, which is only some five miles from us over the ridge of Spion Kop, is the pivot, and while that remains more or less stationary, a long line is gradually swinging round to his left, so bringing the Boers into a V. To-day, by way of keeping the Boers opposite us from going to attack him, we made a considerable demonstration. Wilson and I rode over to what we call the "island," that is, the tongue of comparatively flat land inclosed by the river on three sides and by the Boers

on the fourth. Nearly all this brigade is over there, though we still sit on the wooded plateau above the river on the south side. I went across to see Hill about services.

We interviewed the balloon engineer. He made an ascent, and the wagon to which the balloon is attached moved forward, and the balloon was nearly over the Boer position.

The guns kept up a hot fusillade, and then the 60th Rifles moved out in extended order across the plain, some companies under the Colonel to a farmhouse, and others under Bewick Copley to a small kopje. They drew a considerable fire from the Boers, including that of a machine gun. This is a most diabolical instrument, which sounds like a person knocking excitedly and impatiently at your door. It always goes by the name of the Pompom. The howitzers, with their awful lyddite, and the naval guns, bore down upon it, and shell after shell burst in its vicinity. Wilson, who was with the force, was very much pleased at the result of the reconnaissance.

He could see the Boers running from our shells. They abandoned the machine gun altogether for a time. But some of our own men were hit by long-range rifle fire. It seemed a pity when we were not making a

real attack. A certain number of them tried to creep along the river bank, but were exposed to the Boers on the other side, or rather across two bends of the river. Two poor chaps were killed, and twelve or thirteen wounded.

For a short time I was left alone in our little camp. Telegraph men, signallers, and orderlies kept bringing me messages, as there were no officers.

In one case it was a telegraph from Headquarters asking that an escort of eight mounted men and a N. C. officer might be sent to conduct prisoners to Frere at 4 o'clock. As it was then 3 o'clock, and the General was on his way across the river, and it might be some time before I could communicate with him, I took the responsibility of sending the message on to Colonel Bethune. Most of the other messages I asked the signallers to repeat to the General or his staff across the river. Meanwhile Sir Charles Warren on the other side of the hill kept pounding away.

I arranged with Hill that he should look after the troops on the "island," and that I would hold services for General Talbot Coke's Brigade, which is two miles behind us, near the Headquarters staff. They have no chaplain. Wilson

and I still share the tent. We go to bed very soon after dinner (about 9 p.m.), and we are up about 5 a.m.

Sunday, Jan. 21.—At 6.30 (after Chota-Hazri) we all mounted our horses (I have ridden half the horses in the camp by this time). The General and Wilson and Bailey rode round first to the naval guns on our plateau, as there was information brought in that the Boers were mounting a gun on Spion Kop overlooking us. Yarde-Buller and I rode on to the Headquarters and 10th Brigade camp (General Talbot Coke's). The regiments I had to address were the Middlesex, the Dorsets, my friends the Somersets, and some of the Headquarters staff. Our General and his staff arrived before we began. We had a nice service, and I preached to them from the lesson about the house empty, swept, and garnished.

Then we all rode back, and after breakfast in the middle of the morning I got another horse[1] (Bailey's) and rode across the river (by the punt) and paid a visit to the hospital to see the men wounded yesterday. I found there were three very bad cases—one almost hopeless —the rest were slight. After some limejuice

[1] To show the conditions under which I write, at these points the terrific 4·7 gun went off over my head.

from the doctors (the heat was[1] intense) I rode back for luncheon. In the afternoon I found a quiet, shady, and secluded spot in the hillside (there is always a chance of a Boer gun opening on our tents) and read. At 5 o'clock I started to ride back to the 10th Brigade camp for a voluntary service[1] which I had announced for 6 o'clock. An orderly rode with me to hold the horses and bring back my bag. He was a young fellow from Wimbledon in the 1st Royal Dragoon Guards. You would not know our smart cavalry soldiers in their dirty khaki. I was not fortunate in my congregation. For one thing, a great many were on duty, then many[1] more were packing up for a move perhaps in the night, and the weather was threatening. I suppose there were about thirty men of the Somerset and Dorset, and a few Devons.

The Middlesex have come over to our camp. The smallness of the congregation made me change my subject.

Then my orderly and I rode back to dinner. All this afternoon there has been incessant rifle and artillery fire over the hill. We hear that Sir Charles Warren is pressing on. We are

[1] To show the conditions under which I write, at these points the terrific 4·7 gun went off over my head.

sending four howitzers and General Talbot Coke's Brigade to reinforce Sir C. Warren, while we hold on here and continue to demonstrate.

Monday, Jan. 22.—Another blazing hot day. In the middle of the morning the General rode round by our old camp to the top of the hill, to the 4·7 naval guns, to view the situation from there. I rode so far with them and with Colonel Stuart Wortley, who had ridden over from Frere, and then turned off to the Stationary Hospital (No. 4), which is now near the Headquarters camp. This is the one to which Mr. Treves is attached. All our wounded were moved there last night, and more than a hundred of Sir Charles Warren's men, wounded in Saturday's fight. I saw Mr. Treves, Nurse McCaul, and the two Army Sisters, and then I started for a round of the tents. They have a number of large marquees with double awnings, as well as a whole lot of double bell-tents.

The first news I got was the grievous announcement that Captain Hensley of the Dublins was killed. He had come safe through so many fights—Dundee, Lombard's Kop, Colenso, and many journeys in the armoured train, in one of which he rescued a party of Durban Volunteers who were nearly cut off—

that it seems doubly sad he should be killed after all. And his poor little wife, to whom he was married only a year or so ago, will be heart-broken. I saw Major English of his regiment, who was wounded, and heard all there was to hear, and promised to write to his poor wife. English asked me to tell her that he had collected all his kit and belongings, and was bringing them down. He told me that Hensley was buried with others by Father Matthew at Fair View Farm.

Colonel Bruce Hamilton, Chief of the Staff to General Clery, and Major Macgregor, another staff officer, were among the wounded whom I saw. I visited every tent—over a hundred men—though as a rule one can do no more than ask how they are and have a chat. I got back rather late for luncheon. We have lately been reduced to ration biscuits, which are as hard as dog biscuits. Even soaked in tea I can make nothing of them. But yesterday we got a loaf of bread, and to-day some buns and a present from Colonel Bethune of a cake and some pineapples and bananas!

I don't mean we have no meat—though it is nearly all tinned. But the open-air life makes us wonderfully well, and there is marvellously little sickness among the men—hardly any, in

spite of the fact that none of our brigade have had tents since last Wednesday. They sleep in the open, wet or fine, and are really better than when they are fifteen in a tent. Sir Charles Warren seems to have come rather to a standstill to-day, which makes me a little anxious. It may be that after three days' fighting he feels he must give his men a rest, but every day's delay means that these mobile Boers will have thrown up new intrenchments in front of him; and intrenched positions are almost impossible to take except by outflanking. Our big guns still boom from time to time, and we hear Sir C. Warren's behind the hill.

Bethune has some very smart fellows among his Mounted Infantry (raised in Natal). They have been waylaying Boers on the road from Colenso here, and shot eight this morning and six the other day. One of them strolled across the river and right up to the top of Spion Kop, a mountain opposite us in the centre of the Boers' position. He went up with his pipe in his mouth and had a good look at their intrenchments. They fired at him, but he got away all right.

I am afraid I really must go back this week. I did want to get to Ladysmith with the troops, but at the present rate of progress it does not

look as if there were much chance of that this week.

Tuesday, Jan. 23.—Sir Charles Warren still continues his fighting and his slow progress. Yesterday I saw one of the shells from his howitzer burst right on the sky-line of the ridge to the west of us, and one can see some of his troops with a glass from our naval gun hill —and the firing continues pretty briskly. This morning I had a more or less quiet time: the General rode over to see the men in hospital. I thought I would not go at the same time, so I climbed the hill and sat up there. When the General came back it seemed likely that there might be some move this afternoon or to-morrow morning. I had now made up my mind that I must be back before Sunday. Captain Yarde-Buller reported that he had made arrangements for me to sleep at the Stationary Hospital a mile or two from here and to go down in the morning with the ambulance convoy to Frere. I was very sorry to leave, and it is a great disappointment not to have got to Ladysmith. Still, it did not seem right to put off my Umzinto Confirmation again, especially as I am not really doing very much here. So I packed up soon after luncheon and rode to the hospital, which, by the way, is Mr. Treves's, to which I am by

way of being attached. A pony carried my kit on a pack-saddle, and a mounted orderly went with me to lead the pack-horse and to bring them both back. When I reached the hospital I found that Major Kirkpatrick, the P.M.O., was unwell and asleep, and the others had not heard of my coming. So I had rather to act the beggar and go and hunt out accommodation for myself. However, they were just erecting a hundred more tents, so I got one of them and unpacked my own kit, and then went to visit a few of the worst cases in the hospital. I saw Corporal Etheridge, the man in the 60th Rifles who was shot in the spine. He does not seem to know how bad his wound is, and as he may live for some time I did not feel that I was called to tell him plainly that they considered it hopeless. I saw a good many more, but it was getting dark and they were going to sleep. We dined under a tarpaulin between two wagons, and then I turned in, as we have to make an early start.

Wednesday, Jan. 24.—Up at 5 ; we were supposed to start at half past, and as I had to pack all my kit (bed, table, and chair, as well as clothes), and to get some tea, there was not much time. However, we did not actually get off till 7, though long before that I was in the

wagon. Our convoy consisted of about 18 wagons, containing, I think, about 150 men. The men were in open ox and mule wagons, and the officers in ambulance wagons with a tented cover. I was on the box seat of one of these with a young fellow in the Lancaster Regiment who had a bad eye. We were not allowed to go faster than a walk, and the walking pace of oxen is little more than two or three miles an hour. So it was a tedious progress. I might have got a pony, but then I should have had to leave my kit, and one never knows when one will see it again. We outspanned at Springfield Bridge for breakfast, which we ate under the wagon. The doctor in charge was an Australian who had brought enough for himself and me, and I made tea in the ever-useful Etna. Then, after two hours, we went off again, and after a long and tiring day (the heat and the flies were very bad), we reached Frere at 6 p.m., eleven hours from the start. I was not sure whether we were going to be put straight in the ambulance train and sent off that night or not. It turned out that the officers were to sleep in the train and the men in the hospital tents, and the train was to start in the morning. I was not sure where I should put up, but in the nick of time Colonel Stuart

Wortley turned up and offered me a bed and dinner in his camp. He is in command of a mixed battalion of reservists who have come out to join the Rifle Brigade and the 60th Rifles now in Ladysmith.

Thursday, Jan. 25.—I brought my diary down to my tea and a bath in Colonel Stuart Wortley's camp last night, I think; and there I was interrupted, and broke off in the middle of a sentence. I was much taken with some of his young officers. They were such gentlemen and good fellows. We dined at 7, and had a pleasant evening, and I was quite ready for bed after thirteen hours on the road (including the two, 5 to 7, waiting to start). This morning, after an early cup of tea in their mess —which, by the way, was an erection of wood and iron, open on one side, so that it looks like a doll's house, where you see into all the rooms—we breakfasted about 7.30, as they were going out for a sort of reconnaissance—not that they are likely to see any Boers, as we do not believe there are any this side of the river, or at all events this side of Chieveley. Then I went to the station to make sure about my train, and then to the hospital, where I visited a good many of the wounded men—many of them those who came down with me

yesterday, though one ambulance train full has gone off this morning.

Then at 10.20 my train left. I travelled down the first part of the way with Colonel Hamilton of the 14th Hussars. He was looking after an army doctor attached to their regiment, who had been wounded at Chieveley while tending a wounded man. He is badly hit. They carried him laid out in the guard's van. But I am afraid the shaking of the train must have been very bad for him. He was taken to Mooi River, but we had an hour and a half's stop at Estcourt. There I went across to see the Priors, and they gave me some luncheon. At Mooi River a doctor got in who represents the Red Cross Society; he talked a good deal, and told me some things I was glad to know. The Red Cross Society has unlimited funds, and does things in a handsome way. Glad to be back again in a house with clean sheets on the beds. Major Heath is back from his Greytown trip, and we were glad to meet again. Still they have no news of the result of yesterday's night attack. A great heap of things awaiting my attention.

CHAPTER XVI

DIOCESAN WORK

To Durban—Confirmation at Umzinto—News of Spion Kop and Death of Colonel Riddell—Back at Maritzburg—Visits to Hospital in Fort Napier—Anxiety as to the Operations at the Front—Visit to Richmond—Arrival of Mr. Clinton Dent—To Durban—To Umkomaas with Mr. Brooke Lambert—Kranz Kloof—Better News from the Front—Confirmation of Indians—Durban.

Maritzburg, Friday, Jan. 26.—A day of making up arrears and trying to get straight. But at 4.50 I had to start for Durban on my way to Umzinto. I travelled down with Colonel Hime, who had a carriage reserved. Dined at Inchanga, and reached Durban before 10. Went to the club for a bed, but found they were quite full. I stupidly had not bespoken a bed. So I went on to Canon Johnson's, to see if he could take me in. Fortunately I found his spare room empty, and he took pity on me.

Saturday, Jan. 27.—To-day's paper reports the taking of the top of Spion Kop, and we were all in exultation as to the result of Wednesday's

fight. It was too bad to leave us in a fool's paradise for a couple of days. The truth came on Sunday night in a rumour that the position had been given up after all.

I started for Park Rynie, the station for Umzinto, at 9 a.m., reaching there at 12, from there taking a post-cart to Umzinto, about six miles. Two of the Durban curates, Bibby and Jones, were taking holiday, and staying with Mr. Gallagher. So we had a house full.

Umzinto, Sunday, Jan. 28.—Celebration at 7.30. Matins and Confirmation at 11. There were four boys and four girls. I was glad I had not put off the Confirmation for another week, as some of these were going back to school, and this was the last Sunday of the holiday, so that they would have missed the service. In the evening I preached again from the Psalm of the evening—"By the waters of Babylon"—on the word-long conflict "Sion in her anguish with Babylon must cope."

Monday, Jan. 29.—The rumour of last night is confirmed by the papers this morning. The top of the mountain was so strongly held by the Boers, that our men had after all to retire, and this after General Lyttelton's Brigade had actually climbed the face of Spion Kop, an almost precipitous mountain, and lost their

colonel of the 60th Rifles, and many other officers in the attempt. Poor Colonel Riddell, with whom I had so many talks a few days ago, whose sister (Sister May of the Kilburn Sisters) has just arrived in Maritzburg from Burmah to nurse the other brother who was wounded in Ladysmith. She is at St. Anne's, and is nursing at the hospital. It is a very sad business both because of the loss and the disappointment, and also because of the critical state of Ladysmith. I don't know what is to happen there. I cannot but fear they must be running out of ammunition, at least for the big guns, which only went up at the last moment before the siege began. Now it has all to be begun over again, or else a worse place has to be tackled.

However, fortunately the responsibility of decision does not rest with us. And I have little patience with all the people here, who know so much better than the Generals how it should all be done. As Mrs. Triton's boy, who was confirmed yesterday, is going back to school, she was very anxious that he should make his first communion with her, so we had a celebration at 7.30 this morning, at which both of them and one or two others communicated. After an early luncheon at 11.30, Jones and I started on horseback to ride to the station at Park Rynie.

A boy carried my bag. It was very hot, but we took it quietly and reached there in time for the train at 1.20. He rode back and the boy led my pony. A hot railway journey in a rather full carriage, and then I got to Durban at 4.20; had a cup of tea at the club, where I sleep to-night. Then, after reading the papers, I went for the evening meal to Johnson's, and after it went to Evensong, at which I confirmed two people who had for one cause or another missed the regular Confirmation.

Tuesday, Jan. 30.—Matins and breakfast at St. Cyprian's; a morning with letters and papers at the club. At 5.50 I started back again to Maritzburg. Rather a full train, at least as far as Hill Crest. Travelled with Mr. Anderson, M.L.A. for Newcastle.

Wednesday, Jan. 31.—Back to the old routine in Maritzburg. The day taken up with getting straight. There are a great many men in hospital here now, as indeed everywhere; but I have no time yet to begin again the visiting. In the evening I went to see Colonel Johnston, in order to ask him various things—one, whether there is likely to be a hospital ship going to the Cape soon, on which I could act as chaplain, and get a free passage in return, to fetch my wife and boys and my Mother.

Thursday, Feb. 1.—Wet all yesterday and most of to-day again. Dull work of paying bills and other household matters. I shall have a great deal of mending for the ladies when I get back to female society! In the afternoon Mr. Weeks, the new incumbent of St. Paul's, came, and I took him down the town in the rain, and showed him the Legislative Hospital. In the evening we talked Natal controversy unlimitedly, and I gave him documents.

Saturday, Feb. 3.—I don't know whether you would rather have a clean and uninteresting diary, or a dirty and interesting one. But this week it is not interesting enough to need a second copy for the Cape. Saturday was a busy day with letters for the English mail, and in the middle of the morning I had to go down to the town to do a lot of errands. This evening I went into Government House, after dinner, as I have seen so little of His Excellency lately. I took my sketch—merely a pencil outline—of the position as seen from Spearman's Hill, which interested him and the two officers who are staying there, one of the colonels of the Royal Fusiliers who has been injured by a fall, and the other a new acting A.D.C.

Sunday, Feb. 4.—Early service at 8, at St.

Anne's Chapel, as the Garrison Church is at present used as a hospital. I have written to suggest that as long as it is so used they should pay us £150 a year, as a compensation for the loss of offertories, as I have pledged them to support the chaplain, and pay the interest on a loan from Dr. Sutherland. At 11 I attended St. Saviour's, where Mr. Clark preached. In the afternoon I had a quiet read at Archbishop Benson's Life. I have just got to the Chancellorship at Lincoln. In the evening I preached at St. Luke's.

After morning service I went to the Assembly Hospital to see if Field was there, but found he was not. Then I went up to the top of the camp to the office—a very hot walk; from them I found that he was in one of the barrack-room wards in Fort Napier. I soon found him. His wound was a slight one—in the elbow. It does not seem to have touched the bone. These Mauser bullets make wonderfully clean wounds, so I should hope he would soon be all right again. He is not in bed. At the same time I am very sorry he is not in the Assembly Hospital, where they send most of the Volunteers and Irregulars. Unfortunately there is not room for all, and he happens to be one of the unlucky ones who had got taken

on arrival to the Camp Hospital. He was wounded quite early in the engagement on Spion Kop, in the early morning, and lay for six hours before he got help. He did not, therefore, know much about the affair, and could not tell me what I wanted to find out.

Monday, Feb. 5.—In the afternoon I went to see Field again, and took a big basket full of grapes from our garden for him and his ward mates. I could not actually give them to him, as there are so many fever and dysentery cases in the ward that some of them might have got hold of the grapes and I might have got into trouble, so I put them into the nurse's room. She was absent at the moment.

Tuesday, Feb. 6.—Really nothing to relate. Life is a most dull affair down here, and no news comes through, though we are persuaded that the fight is going on at this moment. I am much drawn towards that beautiful hill above the Tugela, "From the safe, glad rear to the dreadful van." But you need not fear; I am not going at present, and I have offered myself to Richmond for next Sunday. I was going there the Sunday I was called off to Frere. The English mail came in yesterday, and to-day I have a letter from Yarde-Buller, the A.D.C.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.—A ride with Major Heath in the afternoon on one of his ponies is the only variety to-day. We rode out towards Ashburton.

The news from the front to-day is a shade more hopeful. They seem to have taken one part of the Boer position opposite Potgieter's Drift, but will they be able to hold it? The same telegram speaks of a nasty cross-fire, which I much fear may be a preparation for news that they had after all to evacuate the position.

Thursday, Feb. 8.—No more news all day to-day; rather ominous, I fear. If there were good news we should have had it sooner. However, we have to be patient. I also get no news. I have had no letter from Cecil for ever so long. January 19th, I believe, was my last. I cannot think what has happened to her and Mother that they do not write. They seem further away than England. At least, I hear less often. I went for a hard bicycle ride this afternoon by way of exercise. Late at night, when Heath came back from his office, he told me that there was a very ominous sign. He had received a telegram from "Headquarters Camp, Springfield Bridge." It seemed that it could mean nothing else than that they had to

retire entirely from the Tugela and Spearman's Hill. If this were so it meant a terrible disaster, as the last we heard was that they were not only across the Tugela, but actually on the hills which are the Boer position. If they had fallen back so far as Springfield they must have been badly beaten, and then one hardly dared to think out what they must have lost, probably all the naval guns which could not be removed in a moment, and possibly a lot of the troops on the north side of the river. The result was that I had a bad night, continually going over and over in my sleep all possible motives they could have for falling back to Springfield, outside that of necessity.

Friday, Feb. 9.—Major Heath and I both in very low spirits this morning. He, too, had had a bad night with the same reflections as my own. However, after breakfast he came back from his office on purpose to tell me that he felt ten years younger in consequence of a telegram from Major Morgan, still dated Spearman's Hill, showing that position was not vacated. The mystery of the address of the Headquarters Camp still remains unsolved.

Wednesday, Feb. 14.—Diary, as you see, in arrear. Nothing very interesting to record. All seems dull after the front.

On Saturday last I went to Richmond by the 3.35 train. It was a very hot day, and the train was uncomfortably full, and ladies would get into the smoking carriage, so I did not enjoy the journey which takes three hours to do twenty-five miles. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Ward met me, and I stayed, as in former visits, with the Coopers. On Sunday I preached and took the morning service, the magistrate, Mr. Waller, reading the lessons. In the afternoon I called on the Howdens, and preached again at night, Mr. Ward taking the service. In the morning he had been holding service at Byrne. There were good congregations, though here as elsewhere many of the men are away fighting. On Monday I stayed the morning at Richmond, and came home by the train at 3.15, reaching Maritzburg soon after 5.30. As I came in by the back door I found a gentleman coming in by the front. It was Mr. Dent, a prominent London surgeon, who came with a letter of introduction to me from Professor Bryce. Major Heath was there, and we had tea and a long and very interesting talk about Bryce and the Alpine Club, of which this gentleman is a distinguished member, and about the strange things that Mauser bullets do, and, of course, about the war. A very hot night. A good

thing Mother is not here. By the way, don't ask me to do impossibilities. On the one hand, you ask me not to bring the Mother up here till it is cool, and on the other, you want her back punctually in six months. She shall be returned as soon as ever it is possible, but I don't suppose at the present rate she will be here till well on into March, and she must have time to turn round. It is not the war but the heat that prevents my bringing her up sooner.

Went to Durban by the evening train. Travelled with young Garrard, whom I had met up at Spearman's Hill, in charge of the Colt gun with Lord Dundonald. He is now coming down wounded. We reached Durban at 9.30, and I went to the club, where I had bespoken a bed. It was very hot.

Durban, Thursday, Feb. 15.—Went to St. Cyprian's for matins at 7.30, and after breakfast with Johnson went to the Castle Office to find out when the Kinfauns Castle was expected. At first they told me they had no word of her, and could only suppose she had not left East London and would not be here to-day, which would have been very aggravating. However, they asked me to come again at 11, which I did, and then found that she was on her way all right, and

Photo. N. P. Edwards.] [*Littlehampton.*

THE POINT, DURBAN.

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would be up about 1. The tug was to start at 12. So I had to go off at once to the Point to catch it, as I proposed to go outside the bar. I had a good deal of waiting at the Point as usual, but at last, about 12.30, we started out. There was very little bar, though a certain swell outside. The Kinfauns came in sight just as we rounded the Bluff, but it was another half hour before she had come to anchor, and we could board her. I found Mr. Brooke Lambert, but not either of the two other clergy whom I had hoped to meet, Mr. Murphy, late chaplain to the Archbishop of Armagh, and a Mr. Fisher of whom Canon Booth had told me. We had luncheon on board, and then we started back in the tug. From the Point, where he left an agent to disentangle all his luggage, we took the tram up the town and went to Fass's, who had kindly offered to put Lambert up. He is living just behind the club. Lambert dined with me at the club. Fass and his companion, Leuchars, were dining on board the hospital ship Nubia.

Friday, Feb. 16.—Breakfasted with Fass, and then Brooke Lambert and I went by the 9 a.m. train to Umkomaas. I wanted him to see some of the coast scenery, and that is quite the prettiest line. We got there at 11.30, and walked on

the beach and then made tea in the Etna. It was difficult, however, as I found the spirit had leaked, and we had to make a fire of sticks, and there was a wind and the sticks would not burn evenly, first flaring up and then dying down, and the smoke got into one's eyes and made them smart. However, at last the consummation was attained and we had our luncheon, consisting of sandwiches, biscuits, tea, and bananas. Then we returned by the 2 train, and got back in time for a cup of tea at the club and a read of the papers. Then Fass and Leuchars and Lambert all came to dinner with me at the club.

Saturday, Feb. 17.—Returned to Maritzburg by the train starting at 10.5, but broke the journey for a couple of hours at Kranz Kloof. It was just as much as we could do comfortably to walk to the gorge and get back again in time for the new train which leaves Durban at 12.15. It was a choice between doing this and trusting to getting our luncheon in the train, or taking our luncheon with us to picnic and then having to wait for the evening train, not reaching Maritzburg till 10; and this was rather too much of a good thing, so we just walked to the Kloof and then back and made tea in the train. I found a friendly station-master at

Gillett's whose wife gave me some milk, so we were well off and we reached Maritzburg at 5.25.

Mr. Lambert was much impressed by the Kranz Kloof. The weather was very hot, and we had a long walk, but he stood it very well.

Pietermaritzburg, Sunday, Feb. 18.—Lambert preached at St. Peter's at 11. The Governor was there and the church was very full. In the afternoon we walked over to Government House to call. We had tea there and a nice chat. I went on to St. Saviour's for evening service and Lambert stayed at home. I had an off day as far as sermons were concerned.

Monday, Feb. 19.—I heard last night that the Dean was very ill and he wished me to come and celebrate for him this morning, which I did at 9 a.m. He was very weak, and though the doctor does not take a very grave view of the case, the Dean himself does. His son had come in by the morning train to see him and join in the service. The day was uneventful. I took Lambert round and showed him some of the hospitals and the Garrison Church. The English mail came in at night—always a joy.

Tuesday, Feb. 20.—Early service at the Cathedral, and then got caught in the rain and

had to come home and change. In the afternoon we walked to the Legislative Hospital, and then to the College Hospital through the Park. At the former I asked for Field, but he could not be found, and they supposed he must have gone out. He is going out to-morrow and will then be an out-patient. I left word with the nurses to ask him to come to see me, but as I have begun to think of going to Cape Town next week I may miss him. In the evening we went to dinner at Government House—all three of us—Lambert, Heath, and I. The General was there and Sir Samuel Scott, M.P., who has come out in his yacht and is going up to the front, but only as a spectator. I sat on the Governor's right hand, with a gunner officer next me who had just arrived from India to replace the guns lost at Colenso, but he himself was not at present wanted at the front. We are altogether beginning to cheer up. Roberts says he has almost surrounded Cronje after relieving Kimberley, and Buller is getting behind the Boers at Colenso, so that they are evacuating their trenches. Some of Hart's Brigade is already crossing the Tugela at Colenso. This is the result of taking Hlangani or Hlangwani, or Hlangwini, as it is variably called. I have been very busy writing for the Magazine

all day. I am beginning to repent of having decided to start for the Cape, as I should so much like to go back to the front so as to be able to enter Ladysmith with the troops if they get there, which seems likely to be the case very soon now.

Wednesday, Feb. 21.—Went to early service, and called to ask after the Dean on the way back. In the afternoon Lambert and I went out to the Botanical Gardens—he walked, and as I had several things to do in the town first, I bicycled and met him there. If I go on Monday it will be by my old friend the Scot, and Lambert will probably go at the same time by the Kaiser up the East Coast.

Thursday, Feb. 22.—Lambert and I started at 8.45 for Howick. He is much pleased with the scenery—a very satisfactory visitor to show round. We took the invaluable tea bag and some sandwiches and some bananas and biscuits. It is a steep climb, but Lambert managed it well. We had a thoroughly good picnic. Then we climbed again and took the wagonette back to Howick station. Reached Maritzburg at 5 without adventure. Not much news to-day, though we hear there is fighting going on. They have sent me the copies of Good Words which contain my article cut up into two. It

is rather absurd publishing it three years after it was written without a word of explanation.

Saturday, Feb. 24.—Woke with head bad again and could do little towards sermon. Wrote my mail letters, such as were not written already, but little else. Slept again in the afternoon. To-night I had my Indian Confirmation which ought to have been last Sunday afternoon. It had been a wet day, and as the roads were too bad to bicycle, I rickshawed. Fortunately the head got better towards evening. We had a nice service: I hope the work is good, but it is very hard to tell. These Indians are funny people with lots of faction among themselves—very spiteful against each other. There were about six men and five women confirmed. Clark was there as well as the Indian priest, Joseph. Brooke Lambert left at 8.50 this morning, as he had one or two people to see in Durban.

Sunday, Feb. 25.—Preached at St. Saviour's at 11 and celebrated. A large congregation. I have preached so seldom lately that I really think there are a certain number who want me to preach. In the afternoon I had to go to Durban in order to catch the boat to-morrow. I do not like having to travel on Sunday, but I could not help it, having this Confirmation last

night and sermon this morning. Heath kindly came to see me off. I found Mr. Dent going by the same train and the same boat, which I was very glad of. We dined at Inchanga, and reached Durban about 9.45. I went to the club and had a bed there.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM CAPE TOWN TO KIMBERLEY

Start for the Cape on SS. Scot—East London—Port Elizabeth; Rejoicings on Relief of Ladysmith—Delayed by Fog—Arrival at Cape Town—Find the Family at Wynberg—Start for Kimberley—Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River—Kimberley.

SS. Scot, Monday, Feb. 26.—Woke with a bad headache again. This time over the right temple instead of the left as usual. It was very bad. I went to matins at St. Cyprian's and had breakfast with Johnson, but could hardly eat. Then after breakfast it began to work off a bit, though it left me shaky. After going to the Union Office about the ticket, and to the market to get a box of pineapples and bananas to take with me, I took a rickshaw for the Point at 10.15. Tug supposed to start at 11. Brooke Lambert came down also in a rickshaw to see me off, so my friends have played up well. I found Major Fortescue going also. He is one of the officers of Colonel Stuart Wortley's battalion with whom I stayed the night at Frere. His

own regiment is the (3rd) 60th Rifles with which I was in Lyttelton's Brigade. He has had influenza and is ordered to the Cape for a change, so he is going just for the voyage and hopes then to be well enough to go back to the front. He, too, knows Dent, so we have foregathered and got places next to each other at table. I on the captain's left hand, a lady from the Cape and her husband, with whom I travelled in the same ship in 1893, being on his right. I have got the cabin next to the one in which I came out in 1893 and exactly corresponding to No. 1 in which I went home in 1897, only on the port side instead of the starboard. The ship sailed between 2 and 3 o'clock. There was a little motion, but not very much—only I was much afraid that my headache would make me sea-sick, however smooth it was. However, I was all right. In the night it got rough a bit, and once we shipped a big wave which came right into my porthole and hit me in the face and drenched my pillow; I was too sleepy to take much notice, and only turned the pillow and went to sleep again. I am none the worse so far for the damp bed. This never happened in either of my three voyages in the same cabins before, so I suppose for a moment or two it must have been pretty rough.

Tuesday, Feb. 27, *Shrove Tuesday and Majuba Day.*—We reached East London just at breakfast time, and there we got the news that Cronje had this very morning surrendered. We have, of course, been expecting it every day, but there is many a slip, and one is much relieved to know that it is a *fait accompli.* We hope now that the tide has turned and will begin to flow in fast. In the evening the captain proposed the Queen's health and further success. We lay off East London all day. We neither of us went ashore, and we sailed about 10 p.m. or a little later.

Ash Wednesday, Feb. 28. — Reached Port Elizabeth about 10 a.m. I did not go ashore. It does not interest me, and I prefer the quiet and rest and opportunity for writing on board. So the day passed without much incident. We got papers giving particulars of the prisoners and guns taken at Paardeberg.

Off Port Elizabeth, Thursday, March 1.— News this morning that Ladysmith is relieved. We gave great cheers when a tug reported it, and the ships are dressing themselves with bunting. I only hope it is a true report. The first intimation we got was from a transport that was sailing out. As she passed she let off two or three rockets. As we

watched the shore we saw through glasses large crowds of people gathering. And then the ships lying in the bay sent up their flags one after another, and a tug which came out told us it was true, and then at last our bunting went up too. Later on, the people who had been ashore came back—at luncheon time—and brought special slips of the newspapers, telling us that on Tuesday night—still Majuba Day — General Buller had gained Pieter's Hill, and with it practically the approach to Ladysmith, and that his forces had entered yesterday. It is an immense relief—how great you can hardly realize unless you have felt the continual strain of these checks we have suffered, and of the fear, not so much for the whole garrison (for we thought they could hold out), but for the sick, who had no proper remedies or food.

In the evening there were great demonstrations. We went up on to the boat deck, or rather the bridge above that again, and from there we had a fine sight of the whole illuminated town and the fireworks which were going up from all quarters—from the ships as well as from the shore. We ourselves joined in with signalling lights and rockets. We fired off a lot of explosive rockets which were really rather

alarming, as they not only make a loud report when fired out of a mortar, but another bang when they explode in the air, and as some of them were out of condition they exploded at wrong times, some after they had fallen, and it would have been a little awkward if they had fallen on the deck. Then we retired to quiet life again. But some of our young men on board were so excited with the news that they kept up songs in the smoking room (which is close to my cabin) till past midnight. They sang very nicely, but it was bad for sleep.

Friday, March 2.—An uneventful day, lying in the anchorage. I wrote and read and played quoits and piquet at night. A lot of people came off to luncheon, the occasion evidently being the leaving of the company's agent, as I heard them proposing his health afterwards.

Saturday, March 3.—The tug came off with the passengers from here at 11, and we started punctually at 12. A brilliant day and fairly quiet sea, though a bit of a swell. Every hope that we may arrive early to-morrow, as the Scot is doing better than usual, seventeen knots an hour.

Sunday, March 4.—No suggestion of any service, partly with the view of arriving early, I suppose. I do not care to suggest it if no one

else does. I never care about their having a service on purpose to please the clergyman. So we packed our things, and I had my matins quietly in my cabin. Strong head wind, so that we have not made as much progress as we hoped. Cape Hanglip in sight all the morning, and then, across False Bay, the Table Mountain range. But a curious mist making the view hazy.

We passed Cape Point about 2 or before, but from that point the whole land was entirely veiled in mist, and we saw nothing of the "Twelve Apostles." About 3 we steamed right into a bank of fog, and from that moment had to slow down, and as the fog only got thicker, to stop altogether, screaming with a fog-horn from time to time, a wheezy sound like a monster trying to scream in its dreams, and only very partially succeeding. It was very annoying, and we watched the wall of mist around us, hoping every moment that it would lift. It did once, and we saw the horizon. But no sooner had we got under way, and steamed about a mile, than into it we went again. There was no chance of making the entrance to Table Bay in this, especially as just now the Bay is crowded with transports. There are over a hundred, so there is very little

room. There was also the possibility of an outward-bound ship bearing down on us, so we had to keep a sharp look-out and scream a good deal. Daylight dwindled until we knew that our chances of getting ashore to-night were gone. After dark, the fog cleared, and we steamed into the Bay, but a long way out, on account of the numerous ships. There we dropped anchor and went sadly to bed.

Monday, March 5.—At 6 we began to move. I went up on deck, as I always enjoy seeing the old mountain again. But to-day he was still quite invisible. We were inside, and moored alongside the dock by about 7; but it was no good going ashore without breakfast, so we had to wait till 8.30. Then there were no cabs at the wharf. So I went ashore and walked to meet a cab. I met none for so long (not till I was well out of the Docks) that I thought I might as well go on and do my business first, and so avoid having to put my luggage in the cloak-room. So I took a cab, when I got one, to Government House; then I went back to the dock and got my luggage and caught a train at 11 for Wynberg. As we turned into Mains Avenue I saw my wife on the Stoep, and my Mother with her and the baby. So I knew the house. Then I found that I was to stay at

Photo. N. P. Edwards.] [*Littlehampton.*

CAPE TOWN AND TABLE BAY
FROM KLOOF ROAD.

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Highwick, so I took Cecil up into the cart, and we drove on. They had given me up, and thought I could not after all have come by the Scot. Tom has wonderfully advanced in his talking, and is evidently proud of the accomplishment. I did not see him at the time, because he was out with Miss Wood, but he came round with Mother soon after.

Cape Town, Wednesday, March 7.—After posting my diary I went to Government House to make sure that my pass to Kimberley was all right, and finding that, went on to see Mr. Dent at the Mount Nelson Hotel about our journey. We are arranging to start to-morrow night. I went back to Government House to luncheon, as Sir Alfred had invited me. There were several officers there. I sat next to him, and had a little chat, though, as he was very busy, I took my leave directly after luncheon, as did the others.

Thursday, March 8.—I went to buy things for the trip—some tinned meats in case we should have a difficulty in getting food, Kimberley being probably still a little short. I also bought a khaki jacket to ride in, as I had found my black rather too hot at the front before. Then I went to luncheon with Dent at the Mount Nelson. There are any number of

smart London ladies about, and not a few loud people from Johannesburg, altogether a very unattractive lot. It is like London or Brighton. We sat at a table with the colonel and another officer of the South Wales Borderers (Militia), who is going to Kimberley to-morrow, so we may see him again. He offered us any hospitality he could give. After more purchases, I returned to the train. On my way back I got out at Rondebosch Station and called at Groot Schuur—Mr. Rhodes's house—as Lady Edward Cecil is there, and Walrond had told me she was kind enough to express a wish to see me. However, she was out, and so was Rhodes. Then dinner, and then Cecil and I drove to Kenilworth Station, where we said good-bye, and I went into town in good time to catch the 9 o'clock train for Kimberley. They had reserved us a compartment. A newspaper man came and asked to be allowed to have one of the berths in our carriage, but we demurred, and told him the compartment was reserved, and then he tried to get the conductor to give him a berth here. However, we were able to satisfy the man that the carriage was reserved, although he had not been told about it. A seasonable tip made things right, and we were not afraid of being disturbed again. We have

had a fairly good night, but the first is always the worst, and it was very hot, so that we took a long time to get to sleep. We have laid in a good supply of literature, and we have various other comforts for the journey, as well as the very precious tea basket. So I think we shall do, even if we have to camp out.

Friday, March 9.—Breakfast at Matjesfontein. But it was not till 10 o'clock, and we had been expecting to get there a great deal earlier. However, we got a cup of indifferent coffee at Tows River. Luncheon was at Fraserburg Road. But as it was past 3 o'clock, and dinner at Victoria West would not be till after 10, I made this my dinner, and we made ourselves a very fair high tea with Mr. Dent's chocolate and milk. We had biscuits and potted meat. As I have often before described the Karoo I need not dwell on it again. It is a desolate region, calculated to send one into the blues if one were condemned to live there. And the whole day we were passing through it with its wide expanse of treeless flat, varied only by stony kopjes—no grass, but only the little tufts of bush. We settled in for sleep after a game of piquet.

Saturday, March 10.—An excellent night's sleep, but notwithstanding I have a threatening

of headache. We had a long stop at De Aar, about 4 to 5 a.m., but I slept through most of the time, only getting up to go to the telegraph office to send a telegram to Archdeacon Holbeach, at Kimberley, to tell him I am arriving to-night. He would think it strange if he met me unwarned in the streets of Kimberley, and I also thought he would probably want me to preach to-morrow, after being shut up there for three months of siege. Breakfast was at Orange River. It is strange that the Boers never broke this splendid bridge over the great river. They had plenty of chances of doing so during the earlier days of the siege, before the troops from England arrived. From this point on there were more signs of war; encampments of our troops guarding the lines of communication at various points. We supposed we were going to get luncheon somewhere, but it turned out that we were left to our own resources. In the middle of the morning we came to Belmont, where there were many marks of shot and shell; the station buildings had suffered considerably. Behind the station, a little to the east, were the kopjes up which our men charged the Boers. In one way it is a worse country, and in another a better, than Natal. It has far less cover, being very smooth grass or karoo; but, on the other

C. T. D.

ON THE WAY TO KIMBERLEY.

Ostriches by the railway.

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hand, the hills are not so high as those at Colenso and Dundee which we had to scale.

At Belmont there were some Munster Fusiliers and Engineers, and I had a little talk to a medical officer, and there one or two of the R.A.'s about the station. Then on again to Graspan, where also we could see the kopjes with their trenches from which the Boers were driven. I had started with the idea that we might be able to ride over all these positions, but I find the distances between all these various battlefields are too great for us to be able to do this with the time at our disposal, and without our own ponies. But, on the other hand, short of actually going into the trenches, we can see it all pretty well from the train. Then about 2 or 3 o'clock we came to the Modder River. Here the bridge had been broken down, though it is nearly complete again. The train, however, still goes down a steep cutting to nearly the level of the river, and then crosses on a temporary bridge built on heaps of stones. I was surprised to find the country so flat. I had expected it to be more like the Tugela at Colenso, but it is very different. Instead of the hills which frown down on the river here, there is a very gradual slope, and except for the river banks themselves there is very little cover. It was not easy to tell from

the train where the Modder River battle ended and where the Magersfontein one began. But perhaps we may get a chance of a closer view before we leave.

Our long journey of forty-four hours came to an end at 5. At the station we found the good Archdeacon, so I did well to telegraph to him, as otherwise we should have been rather at a loss as to what to do. However, the Archdeacon drove on to the club to find out whether they could take us there, and as soon as we could get a cart we followed. It seemed that the Union Company's agent had also telegraphed to the club on our behalf, and when the secretary understood that we were the people referred to in the wire, he gave us the two last rooms. The whole place is just seething with officers, and we are lucky to have a place to lie down in.

Then I went off with the Archdeacon to Evensong, which was then in progress. The church showed very vivid signs of the siege. A shell had passed through the roof just where it joined the wall-plate, and had burst by the concussion, and the fragments had made holes in every direction through the west wall, cutting large bits of the wood and iron. They had a daily service of intercession during the

siege, at 12, and they came out at 12.30, and this shell entered at 1 o'clock. Then we passed a house in the main road that had been burnt down by a fire ignited by a shell. The Archdeacon had passed the spot only a few yards when this shell fell. It is marvellous, when one hears the number of narrow escapes, that not more were killed. A woman had her head blown off just outside the club, and in the hole which the shell made in the ground some vegetation has already begun to spring up in the midst of the hard pavement. There is a big hole in a photographer's wall just opposite here where a shell went through, and parts of it knocked the cross off the Roman church which is next door here, and broke part of the balustrade of the club verandah. After a most delightful bath we had dinner. The Judge, Mr. Justice Hopley, asked us all to dinner, and the party included Admiral Maxse and a Canadian Surgeon-Colonel. I was very glad to meet the Admiral, as I was so much interested in his clever daughter, Lady Edward Cecil. I sat next to him at dinner, and found him a very interesting old gentleman. We smoked our cigars on the verandah where the shell had struck, and enjoyed a very pleasant chat.

CHAPTER XVIII

KIMBERLEY

Service and Sermon—View from the De Beers' Tower—Dinner with Admiral Maxse; Prince Francis of Teck—Visit the Boer Position; their Headquarters—Spytfontein and Magersfontein—Boer Trenches and Shelters—Back to Kimberley.

Kimberley, Sunday, March 11. — I had promised the Archdeacon to help him, as he represented that they had had no change during all the weary weeks of the siege. So I celebrated at 8, and preached at 11. There was not quite a full church, and the congregation was chiefly military, so many of the civilians have gone away since the relief. I had had little time for preparation, and am afraid I gave them rather too much, not in time, for I was only twenty-two minutes, but there was too much crammed into the sermon, and it may have been a little hard to follow. I tried to suggest that we should bring whatever honour and glory God may give us into his city, the text being Rev. xxi. 24.

After church I went round with the Archdeacon to his house. It happens that he and Dent were at Eton together. Then I came back here to luncheon, and afterwards Admiral Maxse had kindly arranged that Major Fraser, of the North Lancashire Regiment, should take us up to the conning-tower from which the defence of Kimberley was conducted.

This place is a large one, scattered over a more or less flat plain, so that the circuit of our defences was about thirteen miles, and it was hard to see how so small a force could have defended so large an area. In fact, if the Boers had had a little more pluck and go, they could certainly have taken the place. We had to climb a most dizzy iron stair leading up to a high tower erected on the top of a shaft in connection with De Beers' mine. From the top we got a splendid view of the whole country round. We could see exactly where all the Boer works were, and where each gun was stationed, and we could see exactly where General French appeared and where he fought the Boers, and at this very moment we could see two helios working away, one communicating with General Lord Roberts and one with Lord Methuen. The latter is a bit to the north-east, but I do not follow all the movements yet. We shall hear in a day or two

what they are up to. I fancy Lord Methuen is in the direction of Boshof, and Lord Roberts is not so very far from Bloemfontein. While we were on the tower an explosion took place in the direction of Magersfontein. We did not hear the report, but we saw a ball of smoke very like a shell. We cannot make out what it was. We hope there is not another party of Boers turning up unexpectedly to shut us in again.

To-night the Admiral has asked me to dine with him to meet H.R.H. Prince Francis of Teck. I am much afraid this may have missed the English mail. The train to-morrow morning ought to get to Cape Town on Wednesday morning early, and so I took it for granted that that would be in time for the boat, which does not sail till Wednesday afternoon; but I find that it is announced here that the English mail closes at 9 on Saturday night. However, I still think there is a chance for this, and if you do not get it I hope the people at the Cape will have told you of this trip, and so you will understand.

Monday, March 12.—Last night I dined with the Admiral (Maxse), and Prince Francis of Teck was there, also Mr. Justice Hopley, and the Canadian medical officer, and Mr. Dent. Prince Francis was entertaining and

very friendly. He is employed here as remount officer. I think they are glad to find billets of that sort for the Royal officers, as they are not anxious to give the Boers the *kudos* of shooting them. This morning I went to early service at St. Cyprian's, and after breakfast we started on the drive we had arranged to Magersfontein. We had chartered a Cape cart with a couple of fat horses. I could not believe they had been through the siege, but I found they had, which seems to show that things were not very desperate with the garrison. I found also huge piles of firewood, so that they were in no immediate danger of running short of fuel.

We started about 9, and drove out to the south, watching the various signs of the siege. About five miles out we came to Alexandersfontein, which was the Boer headquarters, and the nearest point of their lines. It is a farm consisting of a series of huts, and they were left in a filthy state of mess and disorder, having evidently been used as sleeping places, and apparently for other purposes. To the north of the house there is a slight rise in the ground with a ridge of boulders, which the Boers had fortified, and outside this I picked up a great many empty cartridge cases, showing

that there had been stiff fighting about there. Then we drove on again past the Spytfontein kopjes. The English generals evidently expected that they were to be the chief fighting ground. They do not seem to have expected the Boers to make their stand at Magersfontein, which is nearer the Modder River and more exposed.

Three miles short of the Magersfontein kopjes we came to a farm belonging to a man called Bissett. We had hoped to get him as a guide, but he was in Kimberley; but his wife told us where to go, and when we reached the ground we found that a guide was not much needed, the ground telling its own tale. On the right of the road the kopjes begin, rising abruptly out of the plain, which is flat. But the trenches ran right across the road, and I believe for several miles across the open in an easterly direction. In fact, I fancy it was on the flat considerably to the east of the kopjes that the Highlanders got into such a trap. Probably they did not expect any trenches out there. We drove off the road to the foot of the kopjes, and there we left our carriage and walked all along the line of trenches at the base of the hills. The Boers here had learned the value of trenches on the flat instead of on

C. T. D.

ALEXANDERSFONTEIN, NEAR KIMBERLEY.

For some time during the siege the Boer Headquarters.

C. T. D.

BOER LAAGER, MAGERSFONTEIN.

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the hill, as from them a rifle bullet covers so much more ground travelling along the flat, which spreads unbroken in front, whereas from a hill there is a good deal of dead ground which the defender cannot cover, and an attacking force gets the benefit of cover.

The trenches were the most surprising thing of all. I had no idea how elaborately they were constructed, and now that I have seen them I can better understand how at Potgieter's the Boers were able to lie quiet amid the terrible bombardment, and also at Colenso and elsewhere. The trench is about five feet deep, so that as I stood in it to fire I could just see comfortably over the edge, and an enemy could have seen no more of me than my eyes, and not even this much in many places, as the sandbags at the top were arranged with a gap between, making loopholes for the rifle. The sides were perpendicular, and at the top of the side facing the enemy there were big boulders, so as to keep them from slipping away, and on top of the boulders two rows of sandbags filled with earth till they were as hard as rock. Over the top of these a certain amount of earth had been piled, so as to make the whole compact, and on the outer side facing our men only a mound of about eighteen inches was visible, and even

then was concealed in some places by brushwood heaped against it. Then across the top of the trench the iron uprights of wire fences and poles had been placed, and across these, covering half the breadth of the trench, skins of bullocks and sheep were stretched or corrugated iron, and earth piled on the top, so that they had regular little houses half the breadth of the trench, and a splendid shelter against our shells. No shell which did not burst right on the lip of the trench would do them much harm. However, we found a good many of our own shrapnel bullets along the edge of these shelters and in the bottom of the trenches, showing that there had been some splendid practice on the part of our artillery. Then every eight or ten yards there was a little bridge across the trench to enable men to run rapidly across.

In these trenches and about them were all sorts of refuse—all the signs of the Boers' recent habitation. There were cases and bottles, empty meat tins and biscuit tins, old hats, and boots, and coats, and sacking, and nearly all their food and tobacco seemed by the names on the tins to have come from England. These trenches were absolutely continuous along the whole length of the kopjes, and in some cases there were return trenches at an angle with

the main ones. Then we came to a break in the kopjes, and in the middle of them a secluded little valley, which had evidently been a laager. The earth was quite bare of grass, as if large troops of horse and men had been about, and in the kopjes around were all sorts of shelters roughly constructed out of the abounding boulders. Then the main line of the kopje was continued about a quarter of a mile further forward. We walked across to this and resumed our investigation. In the rear of this second line of kopjes was a regular little village made by digging out the side of the hill and building walls of boulders, and iron uprights and wire stretched across the top, and brushwood, making the little houses into arbours. Here evidently the Boers had lived when off duty, and again there was a profusion of litter, including some quite respectable cases, and I noticed one tin trunk in fairly good condition. They had evidently left hastily, and had not been able to remove all their goods. On the outside of the kopjes the line of trenches continued, and far beyond where we went. I am told that altogether there are about fifteen miles of trenches. The labour they represent is prodigious.

Then we looked at the results of our artil-

lery fire. There were constant holes made in the ground by our shells, and most of them were stained with the yellow of lyddite, and fragments of exploded shells were all about the place. Then we returned a bit and climbed one of the highest of the kopjes, where evidently the Boers' biggest gun had been. There was a large gun emplacement carefully constructed. It was in the middle of two high banks, with a flat platform for the gun to run to and fro upon, and in front there were sandbags piled on each side, leaving only room for the muzzle of the gun. The rock had been smashed up completely and thrown in all directions. Another six feet of elevation would have made the shot hit the gun itself. As it was it must have hit some of the gunners with fragments of shot and shell and put the gun out of action for a time. Another shot had gone just over the top, and had hit the rock at the far end of the gun platform.

We picked up a great variety of cartridges on the field. Very obviously they had used many beside the ordinary Mauser. Bissett had picked up a large number of soft-nose or expanding bullets, which are contrary to approved usage, and make a nasty wound. I found one cartridge case a great deal bigger

than the rest, which probably represented an elephant gun. It is terrible to think what slaughter the Boers would make among an enemy approaching across the perfectly open plain. When you are standing in the trench your eye is little above the level of the ground, so that while you are hardly seen at all, the enemy approaching looks very big and presents a splendid target. No wonder Lord Methuen was not able to do anything against them here. If only he could have gone round, as General French did afterwards, and got behind the Boers, and so threatened their lines of communication, he would perhaps have been able to make them forsake this stronghold. But probably he had not men enough to carry this out, or he was not mobile enough, and the risk of having his own communications cut was too great. Thank God the Boers are out of it now!

There was so much to see that there was no time for sketching; but Mr. Dent took some photographs, of which I hope some day to have a copy, but not yet, as he sends them to England to be developed. Then we returned to the Bissetts, made our tea, and opened our tinned tongue and had luncheon. Meanwhile a furious storm of locusts was passing over us. Then

we drove back again to Kimberley. Dent and I drove round to the station to see about getting a compartment reserved for the downward journey to-morrow. Dined at the Club with the usual set.

C. T. D.

BOER TRENCHES AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

On the top of the central kopje was the big gun emplacement.

C. T. D.

BOER TRENCHES AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

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CHAPTER XIX

AT THE CAPE

Return to Cape Town—Kalk Bay—Sir A. Milner's Birthday and mine—Wynberg Hospital; a Wounded Highlander from Magersfontein; another from Spion Kop—The Canadians at Paardeberg—A Wounded Boer.

Tuesday, March 13.—Started at 11 a.m. for another two days in the train. It is tedious enough, and I need not weary you with it. We had our compartment to ourselves and got through the two days very comfortably. I wrote the whole of my letter for the Magazine —ten pages of close typewriting. We played piquet of an evening, and read a great deal and smoked, and ate grapes and otherwise varied the monotony, and your invaluable tea basket played a considerable part. The refreshment rooms on the Cape line are thoroughly inferior, and sometimes we made our own luncheon instead of going to them. I brought a basket of grapes from Highwick which lasted out the whole week, the last of them being eaten on

Wednesday night. Troops in small numbers at many parts of the journey. Reached Cape Town (or rather, Salt River Junction, just outside it) at 8 on Thursday.

Thursday, March 15.—Got home just after their breakfast, but not too late to get some. Sorry to find that my two small boys have both been poorly—the baby specially with bronchitis. In the middle of the morning I got a telegram from the D.A.A.G., offering us passages in the Servia to-morrow—most annoying. This is the second offer of a transport which would have saved us a good deal of expense, and we cannot accept it because of the babies. I went into town in the middle of the day, and made another effort to see Lady Edward Cecil at Groot Schuur, as her father the Admiral had charged me with a letter to her, and then went into town, as she was out, for luncheon, and to see the D.A.A.G., and explain why we could not go by the Servia.

Cape Town, Saturday, March 17.—Went to Kalk Bay to see the Archbishop, who is staying there. We had a long talk over various matters of importance, and then luncheon, at which his younger boy joined us, who has been appointed to the Doris (flagship) as a midshipman. Then I went round to my cousin, who had asked me

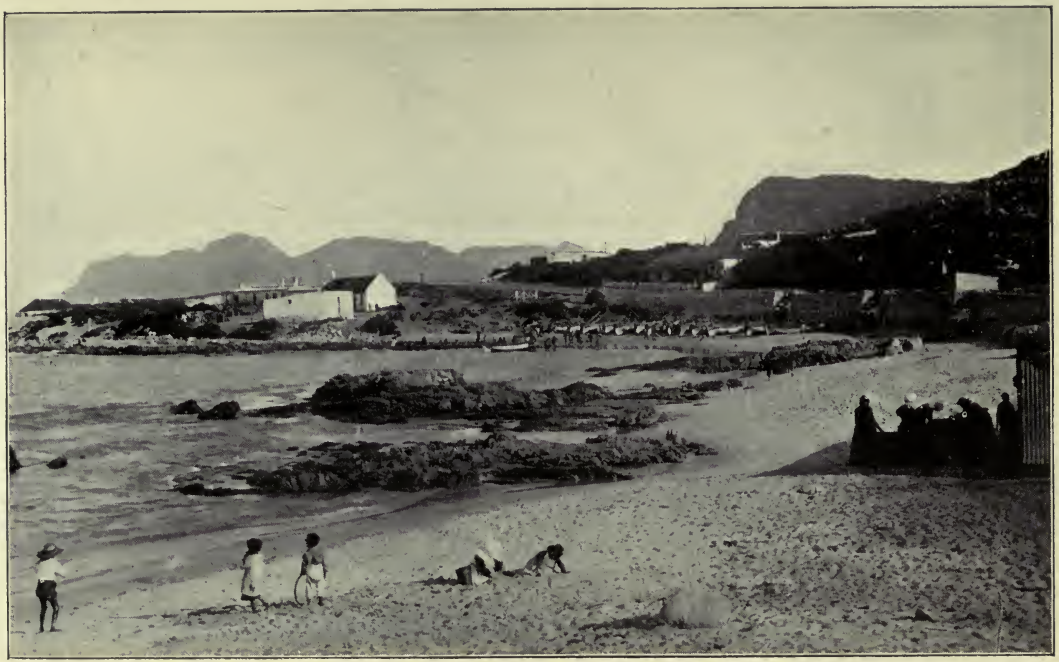

Photo. N. P. Edwards.] [*Littlehampton.*

KALK BAY.

To face p. 246.

to go fishing with him on the rocks. I put on disreputable costume—khaki jacket and black trousers—and we sallied forth. However, it was very rough, and I found one could not do much unless one was prepared to get wet from head to foot and plunge into the breakers, and as I had to travel back by train I could not manage this, so I left him to do most of it. His brother-in-law caught a young whale—about 80 lb. weight I should think. They call it steem-brass, or some such name. It is a thing very like the conventional fish made in china! After about an hour of this I returned, sitting next to Sir Henry de Villiers, the Chief Justice, with whom I had a few words.

Thursday, March 22.—Yesterday afternoon I went down to the Docks to say good-bye to Mr. Dent on the Norman. There was an awful crowd, but I succeeded in finding him after a search. I gave him a letter to Nell, as he was kind enough to offer to look through the proofs of the Diary to be published. I was also able to introduce him to Mr. Babington Smith, who came out from the Treasury to advise the Natal Government, and brought a letter of introduction to me from St. Clair Donaldson. His wife is a daughter of Lord Elgin; I used

to know her mother in the old St. Andrew's days. Cecil Rhodes went by the same steamer, so of course there was a crowd of jingoes to cheer him. After saying good-bye I went off to do some business in town, and then returned to Kenilworth. There seems no immediate chance of our being able to embark, the doctor shaking his head even as to our chances next week. I fear I must not stay beyond that. To-day I have been sketching in the drive—much the same view as that of which you have a sketch, only to-day the mountain was in a haze, which I thought rather effective, but found that it did not look so in my picture when I brought it into the house. There was more haze than mountain. So I must wait for another day and make it a bit more definite, which means practically repainting it.

Friday, March 23.—The second time I have spent a birthday at Highwick, though I did not expect to be here so long this time. The uncle, as usual, kindly added to my library by giving me two volumes—Adam Smith's "Historical Geography of the Holy Land" and Boyd Carpenter's "Bampton Lectures." Mother gave me Steevens's "From Cape Town to Ladysmith." I sent a telegram of good wishes to Sir

Alfred Milner, and got a reply wishing many happy returns to his twin. In the afternoon I went to the Wynberg Hospital to inquire for one of the Seaforth Highlanders—not expecting to find him as they told me that he had probably rejoined his regiment long before this. But he was there, having gone out of hospital and come back again. He was wounded in one leg and afterwards got water in the knee of the other.

After visiting Magersfontein it was rather interesting to see a man who had fought there. He tells me that he and his lot were actually through the Boer trenches in the dark before they knew where they were. I cannot quite understand this, as where I saw them the trenches were continuous, and a man could not get beyond them without falling into them—and that he clearly did not do. But I suppose further on than where I was there must be a gap. This was just before it got light, and it is a marvel that any of them got back again, and indeed from his account very few of them did so. He was wounded when he got across the trenches again and fell within very short range of the trench. Then he had to watch his chance of getting away. Whenever one of our guns fired the Boers in the trenches ducked their heads,

and then was his chance. He got up and made a short rush for some twenty yards and dropped again until another such chance, and so by degrees got back out of their range—this with a wounded leg must have been a hard job, and the worst of it was that our shells were killing our own men. One can quite understand how this happened, as at Belmont and Graspan we had had to drive the Boers out of the high kopjes, and no doubt we jumped to the conclusion that we should have the same task at Magersfontein. They did not know that here it was not the top of the kopjes but the bottom that was intrenched, and that the trenches were continued out into the plain a long way to the east of the end of the kopjes. The different battalions seem to have been quite mixed up in the dark. The Black Watch were supposed to be in the front line, but the Seaforths were among them. These night attacks are very risky things except with very small bodies of men on positions which have been thoroughly reconnoitred in the daytime. I could not paint to-day, as it has been what they call here a "Black South-Easter," and the mountain has been in cloud all day.

Saturday, March 24.—Again the "South-Easter" and no painting. In the afternoon I

paid another visit to the hospital, and saw a lot of interesting cases—men from all parts of the globe—Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders. They were all nice fellows and very ready to talk about the war and their experiences and feelings. Many of them had been hit at Paardeberg. And then I found one man of the Scottish Rifles (Cameronians) who had been with the 4th Brigade, and so had marched and bivouacked with me when I was with that Brigade. His eyes quite twinkled with interest when he found I had been with them. It certainly is useful in the way of putting one into touch with the men. We talked over our night march to Pretorius' Farm and the sleep on the wet grass and the view from the top of Spearman's Hill as of a promised land from another Pisgah, and the bombardment of the Boer trenches, and the attack on Spion Kop, in which his battalion performed the brilliant feat of getting up the steep and almost precipitous side of that mountain.

One of the Canadians had lost his leg in the last and successful approach to the Boers at Paardeberg. You will have read of how, in the early morning of the 27th February (Majuba Day), the Canadians distinguished themselves by sapping up to within eighty yards of the

Boer trenches. He tells me they did more: one of their officers thought they might get closer still, so they advanced again to within about thirty yards, but unfortunately in doing so some one kicked against some empty tins and made a noise, and this at once brought a volley from the enemy in which several of their men fell. He was not hit then, but the officer saw that they were a bit too near to be able to work at the trenches and so ordered them to fall back to the previous line, and he stooped down into the trench to get his rifle and in getting up was shot at close quarters in the knee, which was so smashed that the leg had to be amputated. But the work they had done in creeping up so close and holding the Boers while the Engineers sapped behind them was the last straw which broke the back of Cronje's resistance, and when daylight came they had the satisfaction of seeing the white flag hoisted and an end put to the pitiful and useless waste of life which had been going on for ten days. It must do wonders in consolidating the Empire for these Colonial Volunteers to be working side by side in healthy competition with our regular troops and thus holding their own. It gives them a new self-respect and a new sense of brotherhood. And all of them—Canadians, and

Australians, and New Zealanders—are looking forward tremendously to a visit to England when this is over.

Sunday, March 25.—Went to early Celebration at Claremont; at 11 Cecil and I went to Wynberg Church. It was rather wet and yet close. I am getting a very idle time. I don't think many people know that I am here, so that I have managed so far to escape requests for sermons. In the afternoon I went again to the hospital and went round four or five more wards. I found one more from "my" battalion—a young fellow of the Durham Light Infantry. Then I saw several of the Boer prisoners who are wounded. One of them had been at Ladysmith and had come round by train to reinforce Cronje, but had never reached him, having been engaged by some of our troops before they could join hands. He had been also in the trenches round Potgieter's and at the battle of Spion Kop, though his regular position was on Lombard's Kop. They must have brought nearly all their men down from Ladysmith to oppose us at Spion Kop and Vaal Kranz, which makes one feel, what struck me at the time, that our garrison at Ladysmith might have ventured a little more in the way of co-operation during those battles. His description

of Spion Kop makes it all the harder to understand why we had to fall back there. He says they (the Boers) had to climb to the top of the hill to oppose us there, and it was only the mist on the hill that enabled them to do it, and that they had no trenches on the top, but were merely firing from behind stones. If so, why were we driven back? We ought to have been a match for them at that sort of game where the conditions were so equal. Certainly it was their artillery that chiefly compelled us to fall back. I am so sorry that I am away from Natal just now, when we might have had chances of talking it over with those who were there, and perhaps of visiting the spot to see for ourselves just where the respective forces were.

Monday, March 26.—Raining, and mountain in cloud all day, so that no sketching was possible. I wrote and read all the morning, and in the afternoon went again to the hospital, and lent Wilson the book which Mother gave me for my birthday, and which I have already read through, Steevens's last work—"From Cape Town to Ladysmith." Then I went to the men's wards and saw a certain number, a few, here and there, from Natal.

Tuesday, March 27.—A brilliant day after the rain, and I was able to go on with my sketch

of the mountain—the same point of view as the one at home. Then I went to luncheon with the Coadjutor Bishop (Gibson). I am booking him for our Synod, when we are to have special services and meetings in connection with the Bi-centenary of the S.P.G. He is a very keen missionary, and will preach and speak well for this object. I shall see if I can take him over some of the battlefields, and so to Troughton's mission, which is not far from Potgieter's, and between that and Ladysmith. Then I went on to town and did some shopping. There was a meeting to present an address to Sir George White before his departure to-morrow.

CHAPTER XX

CONCLUSION

Errors, Losses and Gains—A Plea for Magnanimity in the Future—Lessons of the War.

Saturday, April 21.—There is a lull in the progress of the war, in the storm of battle. The pause gives time for thought. Looking back to a month ago, it perhaps may strike us that, in spite of the splendid heroism of our troops and the glorious achievements which not only relieved Kimberley and Ladysmith, but relieved the overwrought tension of our own anxiety, there was just a slight want of proportion and dignity in the way in which the Empire in general, and London in particular, stood on its head, so to speak, with frenzied exultation that the army of Boer farmers had not been able to overwhelm our garrisons. However, it is dangerous work trying to stroke down the British lion when he is rampant, and perhaps he has had sufficient calming in his excitement from the fact that the Boers, who for the moment we thought to be

crushed, have come up again smiling both in the Free State and Natal, ready, as it seems, for another round. Natal, which was reported practically clear of the enemy, is still closed to us beyond Elandslaagte, and our friends from Dundee and Newcastle still find themselves a long way from home.

Meanwhile we have serious food for reflection in the very plain speaking of Lord Roberts's despatches. They seem to indicate that the victory was dearly bought—that it was much more expensive in human life through defects of generalship than it ought to have been. And a high authority tells me that even the last fighting before we reached Ladysmith was not altogether free from the defects which have been pointed out in the case of Spion Kop and Vaal Kranz: "We finished up with a very hot fortnight, fighting on some days, and being sniped and shelled on all and on several nights. Our losses were very severe, over 2,100 in all, many I fear uselessly sacrificed. On the last day the battalions and brigades had got hopelessly mixed up, but all did their share of fighting and endurance." However, in one way the error of former battles was rectified: "Our success on that day was mainly due to our being able to fight on a really wide front, and

although we lost a good few, the victory was cheaply won." It was the want of that wide front that was the cause of disaster at Spion Kop: "Half our troops hardly fired a shot, and the remainder were too crowded, and, being huddled up on a narrow front, were terribly punished, chiefly by shell fire." In striking contrast to the defects of generalship was the heroic conduct of the battalions—officers and men. I believe that the ascent of the sugar loaf point of Spion Kop by the 60th Rifles was one of the finest things in the whole war, and the Scottish Rifles performed much the same feat a little further along the ridge.

Our exultation is a little qualified also by the sad deaths which have taken place since the relief of Ladysmith. That poor Colonel Royston should so splendidly have survived the siege and won the praise of all the generals, only to pass away from us at the moment when we were looking forward to receiving him back in triumph, has cast a gloom over our sunny prospect. And his is by no means the only case in which the relief has had as sad a side as the siege itself.

The pause gives us time not only for reflection on the past, but also for consideration of the future. During my absence at the Cape I

have been missing the Natal papers, but echoes reached us there of furious cries for vengeance on rebels. No doubt magnanimity has got a bad name among us because it has been associated in the past with weakness. We are all resolved that there shall be weakness no more, but I hope we are all equally resolved that as Englishmen and citizens of a world-wide Empire we cannot ever consent to put aside magnanimity. Magnanimous we must continue to be—magnanimous with a magnanimity which refuses to let justice ever degenerate into revenge, magnanimous with a magnanimity which gives an absolutely fair and calm hearing to all, and distinguishes absolutely between the guilty and the innocent. Where there is clear proof of treason, or of wanton looting of neighbours' houses, there must be punishment for the sake of all—the innocent as well as the guilty. And for the sake of the peace of the world the British flag must fly over all this distracted country, that it may be distracted no more. But government is a failure unless it secures the goodwill of the governed. Mere coercion, mere suppression, is not government in the true sense. Government means the securing by authority of the conditions which shall give freest play to all that is good in the governed—

that shall enlist on its side the interests, the goodwill, the loyalty, and devotion, and love of its subject. All this may, alas, through human passions, be a long way off, but nothing less than this must be our ideal, and nothing but a high and magnanimous spirit will ever make that ideal attainable. And this we owe to those who have so grandly laid down their lives in England's cause—in the cause of all that is good and noble. Do we think—can we suppose—that we shall honour our dead by a blind vindictiveness and clamour for revenge? They gave their lives to secure a just and lasting peace. We wrong the great spirit of their sacrifice when we give the rein to a spirit of vindictiveness. Our debt to them is to retain, to carry on, to make fruitful the spirit of self-sacrifice which they have offered on the altar of their country. It is this sacrifice which alone is fruitful. It is this which alone justifies empire. It is the readiness to bear the burden—not to be ministered unto, but to minister. It is from the supreme sacrifice that all power and claim to empire is derived. It is only He who died who can say, "All power is given to Me—therefore go ye into all the world."

I see Lord Roberts is accused in some quarters of excess of magnanimity in his proclamations.

He who has given his own son, who, if any, might claim the utmost penalty from the conquered, has earned the right to be magnanimous.

Before I left Cape Town I had a very interesting and kind letter from Sir George White. Much of it was of a private nature, but I may quote the kind words he uses of our good Archdeacon Barker, who has won golden opinions from all for his conduct and example throughout the siege. Sir George White says: "I should like to say a word to you on behalf of your Archdeacon at Ladysmith. All through the siege, he, his wife and family, maintained the dignity of his office and his bearing as a brave English gentleman."

I have also received a very kind letter from Lord Roberts. I sent him a first copy of the circular we have had printed appealing for funds to complete the Garrison Church at Fort Napier by the addition of chancel and tower as a memorial of those who have fallen in this war. Lord Roberts writes: "I have telegraphed a reply to your letter of the 16th inst. to your address at Pietermaritzburg, to say that it will afford me great pleasure to have my name entered as a patron for the scheme for enlarging the Garrison Church at Pietermaritzburg. I inclose a cheque for £100, which kindly enter

as follows: from myself, £50—Lady Roberts, £25—each of my two daughters, £12 10*s*. I trust that your appeal will be generously responded to."

* * * * *

I have spoken in my Diaries of the outward aspect of the war. I would add a word or two on its inner lessons. I am constantly being appealed to to put forth utterances upon the moral lessons of the war, or upon the duties which it suggests, or I am asked to call for general repentance and humiliation under the chastening hand of God, or to appoint a day for special fasting and prayer. I gladly welcome all these suggestions, and I hail with thankfulness the signs they furnish that the war does make people think, and does teach lessons of the Divine side of life. At the same time these appeals suggest to me other reflections. There is, for instance, something wrong in the thought that God has now intervened, has now begun to deal with us, or that we are called on to humble ourselves as we should not have been if we had been uniformly successful, or that our reverses are a sign of God's anger. Those who are learning to walk with God in all the daily walks of life, those who regard the whole world and and all its history as the outward manifestation

of the Divine; those who believe that through all the details of commonest life, as well as through the great events of kingdoms, "one increasing purpose runs," will not fall into the mistake of thinking that God's Hand is to be discerned alone in the momentous and the startling. They will know that He calls to repentance and to awakening, not merely by the exceptional and the awful, but by the common and the diurnal, and the beneficent, by making "His sun to rise on the evil and the good," and sending "rain on the just and on the unjust." They will remember that lesson to the prophet of old—"And behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still small voice."

It is not then that God is more present with us now than before, or that he is speaking to us now as he was not in the days of peace, or that there was less need then to pray "in all time of our wealth" than now "in all time of our tribulation," or "in the hour of death," "Good Lord, deliver us."

But none the less He who used the earthquake to bring the Philippian jailor to his knees, and to wring from him the cry "What must I do to be saved?" may still use the cannon's roar, or the unlooked-for disaster to startle the thoughtless to thought, or the worldly to alertness of soul.

And if this has already been the result we can but thank God for it, and try our utmost to follow up the lesson learnt in fear and anguish, by pointing to Him Who at all times is "not far from any one of us, for in Him we live and move, and have our being," and without Whom "not a sparrow falls to the ground."

In this sense we may well believe that God has been accomplishing a great purpose by this lesson of war with which He is closing for us the nineteenth century. But the lessons I seem to learn are not merely those which impress some people, viz., that England is so worldly and so given up to money and ease that we need the chastening of defeat, but also that England's heart is still so far true that it only needs a special call to make men show—to themselves as well as to others—how little wealth and ease weigh in the balance of their estimate of the things worth living for and worth dying for.

The only reason then why I a little hesitate to make some one supreme effort of humiliation, or to set aside some one day, is, lest we should silence the anxiety of our hearts, which is so wholesome, by such a single act of devotion, and repent while the shadow of reverse is upon us only to go back lighthearted to the old thoughtlessness when the sun of prosperity shines again. What I would rather set before us all is the aim and the prayer that the vision of a higher, sterner life, of a grander self-sacrifice, or a more perpetual bearing of the burden of duty and responsibility as members of a great Empire, called to work and not to play, to suffer, not to enjoy, may remain with us as a permanent possession in the sunshine, when God brings it back, as it has assuredly been with us in the dark night of our suspense.

The man who gazes at that vision most wistfully, and presses towards it most ardently, will be the first to feel how much need there is for humiliation and repentance, how far we have been in the past from God's

> "Ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart;"

how often we have failed to bear patiently and devotedly the "white man's burden," how

lightly our vast responsibility to the more backward races has sat upon us, how we have lagged behind in the steep ascent of Duty: but he will not so misread the central lesson of Christianity, the lesson of the Cross of Calvary, as to think that apparent failure is a sign of God's anger, or that wounds and death are necessarily punishments. He will hail the bracing air of adversity, happy that he can

> "Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
> Not left in God's contempt apart,
> With ghastly, smooth life, dead at heart,
> Tame in Earth's paddock as her prize."

A. H. NATAL.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, MARITZBURG,
March, 1900.

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